



No.110

APRIL... TEN CENTS



The BATMAN

Detective COMICS



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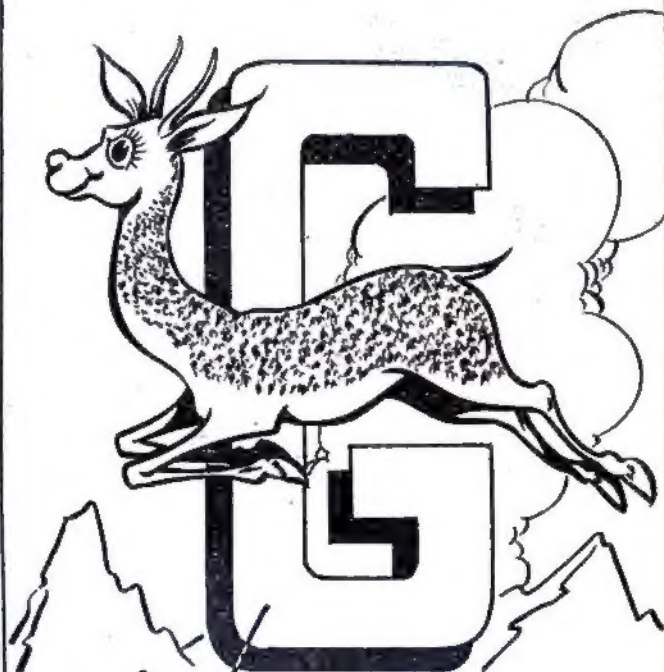
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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



is for
GAZELLE,

SWIFT BUT ALSO SMART.
HE KNOWS THAT THIS
SYMBOL MEANS
THE BEST IN COMIC ART!



— ON THE COVER OF
**GREEN
LANTERN,**
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN **ANY** COMIC
MAGAZINE!



"THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN LONDON," SHERLOCK HOLMES CALLED THAT PAST MASTER OF CUNNING CRIMES, PROFESSOR MORIARTY!... AND WHEN A MODERN MORIARTY TAKES HIS CUES FROM THE DRAMA-PACKED PAGES OF A. CONAN DOYLE'S INGENUOUS STORIES TO BAFFLE THE BEST DETECTIVE BRAINS IN ENGLAND—THE DYNAMIC DUO MEETS A CRUCIAL TRANSATLANTIC TEST OF WITS AND SKILL IN THE MOST THRILLING CASE OF THEIR CAREER—THE ADVENTURE OF...

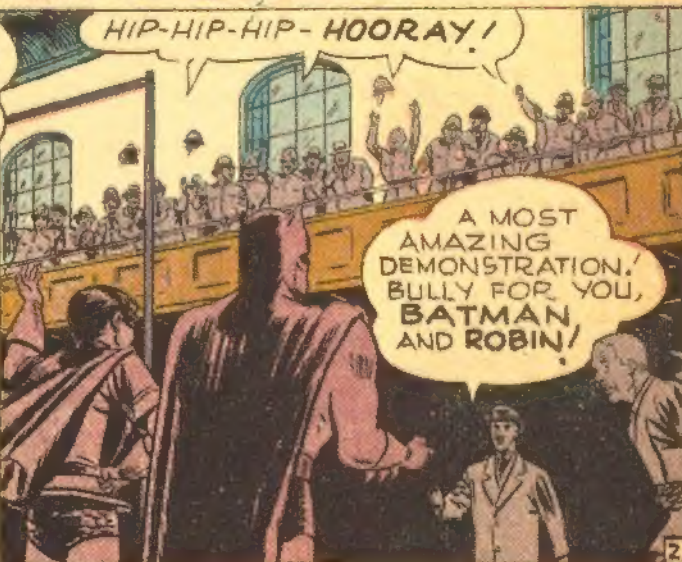
"BATMAN AND ROBIN in Scotland Yard!"



AT SCOTLAND YARD, LONDON, DETECTIVES SEIZE TWO HARD-TO-HANDLE CUSTOMERS!..



BUT WHAT'S THIS? BATMAN AND ROBIN FIGHTING AGAINST THE REPRESENTATIVES OF LAW AND ORDER?





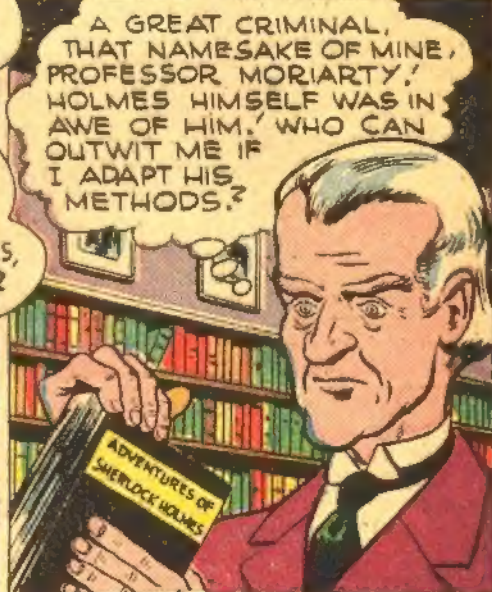
THE SHAM BATTLE OVER, CHIEF INSPECTOR CARVER CONDUCTS THE AMERICAN DUO THROUGH THE SCOTLAND YARD MUSEUM.



OUR TROPHY ROOM, GENTLEMEN! SOUVENIRS OF THE MAJOR CRIMES OF THE LAST 100 YEARS!

DO YOU THINK WE'LL EVER COLLECT AS MANY TROPHIES, BATMAN?

BUT WHAT ARE THE CAPED CRIME-CRUSHERS DOING IN ENGLAND, ANYWAY? LET US LOOK BACKWARD SOME WEEKS FOR THE ANSWER, INTO THE LIBRARY OF A SINISTER MAN...



A GREAT CRIMINAL, THAT NAMESAKE OF MINE, PROFESSOR MORIARTY! HOLMES HIMSELF WAS IN AWE OF HIM. WHO CAN OUTWIT ME IF I ADAPT HIS METHODS?

INSPECTOR GOW, ACE C.I.D. OPERATIVE, IS AT HIS WITS' END.

SOON, A SERIES OF BREATHTAKING ROBBERIES SHOCKS ALL LONDON.

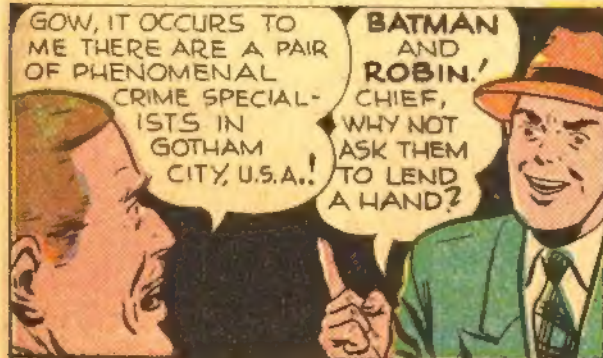


THE CHAP'S A GENIUS, CHIEF. HE CHANGES THE CRIMES OF THE FICTIONAL MORIARTY JUST ENOUGH SO IT'S NO GOOD STUDYING THE HOLMES STORIES.

AND WE'VE NO SHERLOCK TO OUTGUESS HIM.

GOW, IT OCCURS TO ME THERE ARE A PAIR OF PHENOMENAL CRIME SPECIALISTS IN GOTHAM CITY, U.S.A.!

BATMAN AND ROBIN! CHIEF, WHY NOT ASK THEM TO LEND A HAND?



SO AN URGENT PLEA SPANS THE OCEAN, AS SURELY AS IF SCOTLAND YARD HAD FLASHED FORTH THE WEIRD BAT SYMBOL BY TRANSATLANTIC SEARCHLIGHT.





AND IN THE OFFICE OF GOTHAM CITY POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON...

HERE'S AN URGENT CABLE FROM SCOTLAND YARD, ASKING ME TO LEND-LEASE YOU TO RUN DOWN A MODERN MORIARTY!

SHADES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES!



NEXT DAY FINDS BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON -AND THEIR SLEUTHING BUTLER, ALFRED- ABOARD SHIP.

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO RETURN TO MY NATIVE LONDON, SIR. I MAY FIND A CRIME THERE TO SOLVE MYSELF.

JUST REMEMBER TO STEER CLEAR OF BATMAN AND ROBIN, ALFRED. WE MUST PROTECT OUR SECRET IDENTITIES!



AND NOW, RETURNING TO THE PRESENT, WE FIND ALFRED ABOUT TO MAKE A LONE PILGRIMAGE TO A SPOT DEAR TO HIS HEART.

BAKER STREET, MY GOOD MAN-AND DRIVE SLOWLY IN THIS BEASTLY FOG!



NOW FOR MY DETECTIVE DISGUISE. HOW ELSE SHOULD I APPROACH THE SHRINE OF THAT IMMORTAL MANHUNTER, SHERLOCK HOLMES?

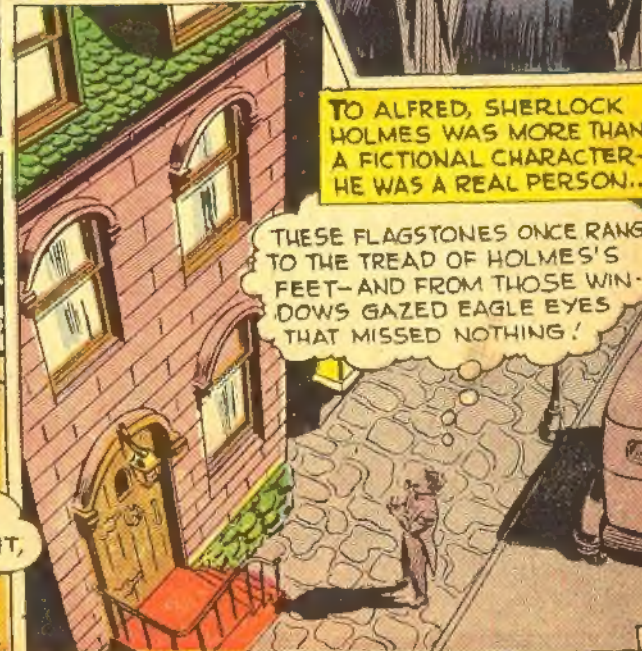


BLIMEY-YOU AIN'T THE PARTY I STARTED OUT WITH!



THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENT, OLD CHAP!

TO ALFRED, SHERLOCK HOLMES WAS MORE THAN A FICTIONAL CHARACTER-HE WAS A REAL PERSON...



THESE FLAGSTONES ONCE RANG TO THE TREAD OF HOLMES'S FEET-AND FROM THOSE WINDOWS GAZED EAGLE EYES THAT MISSED NOTHING!



BUT IF ALFRED COULD ONLY SEE THROUGH WINDOWS ACROSS THE STREET! WITHIN A CURTAINED ROOM...

ISN'T IT RISKY STAYING HERE IN THE SHERLOCK HOLMES NEIGHBORHOOD, PROFESSOR?

NONSENSE! IT'S THE LAST PLACE THE POLICE WOULD EXPECT TO FIND US WITH OUR LOOT!

SUDDENLY..

LUMME, PROFESSOR, 'E'S OUT THERE, 'UNTIN' US-OR 'AUNTIN' US!

WHO? SPEAK UP, FOOL!

SHERLOCK 'OLMES, SO 'ELP ME-OR 'IS SPIRIT!

STOP DRIVELING, BERTIE! THERE NEVER WAS ANY SHERLOCK HOLMES, EXCEPT IN CONAN DOYLE'S BRAIN!

SEE-'E'S 'AVIN' A SQUINT AT A CIGAR-ETTE STUB H'I DROPPED!

HMM... PERHAPS IT'S A TRICK! BROFF, YOU AND LODI BRING HIM IN HERE!

A REX CIGARETTE, SMOKED BY A MAN WITH A DROOPING MUSTACHE.... AH, ME - A PITY THERE'S NO REAL CRIME HEREABOUTS TO TEST MY POWERS.

MMMFFF!

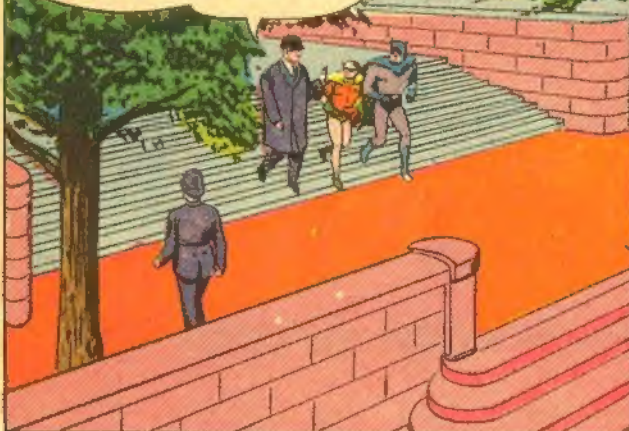
HURRY, LODI! WE'LL GET HIM ACROSS THE STREET BEFORE ANYONE GLIMPSES US IN THIS FOG.



AND NOW WE RETURN BRIEFLY TO SCOTLAND YARD, AND THAT PART OF THE THAMES EMBANKMENT ON WHICH IT STANDS ...

WE'VE ARRANGED SPECIAL TRANSPORTATION FOR YOU, KEEPING THE **BATPLANE** AND **BATMOBILE** IN MIND.

SPLENDID COOPERATION, CHIEF.



AND HERE IS THE STRANGEST CRAFT THAT EVER RODE THE RIVER THAMES!

HIS MAJESTY'S **BATBOAT**, A MIDGET MAN O' WAR WHICH HAS ALL YOUR INVENTIONS, INCLUDING THE **BATARANG GUN**.

SHE'S A BEAUTY! CAN WE TRY HER OUT?



UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S NOT QUITE READY YET. MEANWHILE, INSPECTOR GOW WILL SHOW YOU THROUGH **BAKER STREET**.

HOLMES' OLD STREET, EH? LET'S GO!



PRESENTLY...

PAGE DR. WATSON! I'M GOING TO DEDUCE THE HISTORY OF THAT BROKEN MAGNIFYING GLASS.

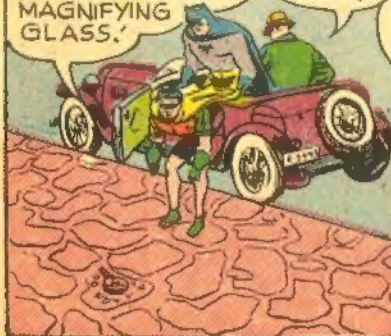
HERE WE ARE! THE CHIEF THOUGHT A VISIT TO THIS NEIGHBORHOOD MIGHT INSPIRE YOU!

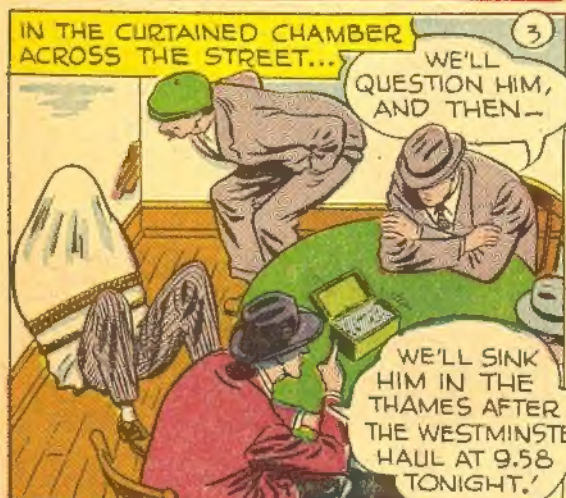
EXCELLENT, **ROBIN**! BUT YOU MISSED THESE FOOTPRINTS IN THE DAMP DUST, INDICATING THAT THREE MEN HAD A STRUGGLE HERE!

AN 8-POWER GLASS, I SHOULD SAY!

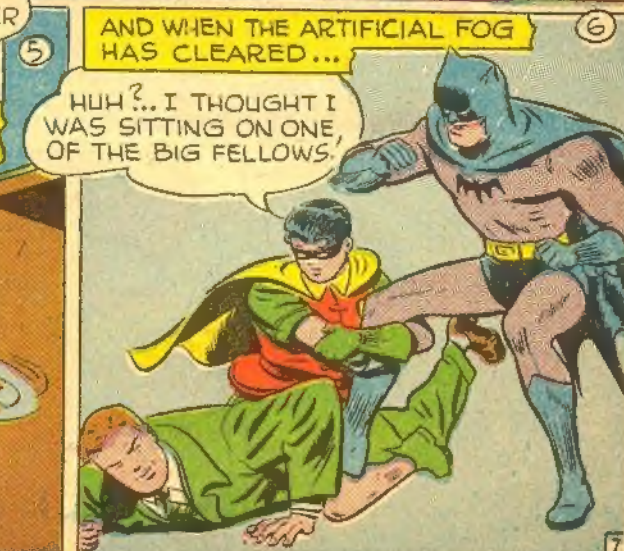
TWO HEAVY-SET MEN CAME FROM ACROSS THE STREET! THE THIRD - THEIR VICTIM, I IMAGINE - CAME FROM DOWN THE STREET - AND HERE HIS TRAIL ENDS!

OH, COME NOW, **BATMAN**! ARE YOU SPOOFING?





ABRUPTLY, A PISTOL FIRES A GAS SHELL—AND SMOKE BLACKS OUT THE RAIDERS.





HOURS PASS... AND AS BIG BEN STRIKES TEN A ROCKET STREAKS FROM THE TOP OF THE GREAT TOWER OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



A HUGE VAN SWINGS ACROSS THE MIDDLE OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, BLOCKING TRAFFIC—AND AS A SMALLER TRUCK FROM WATERLOO STATION BRAKES TO A STOP...

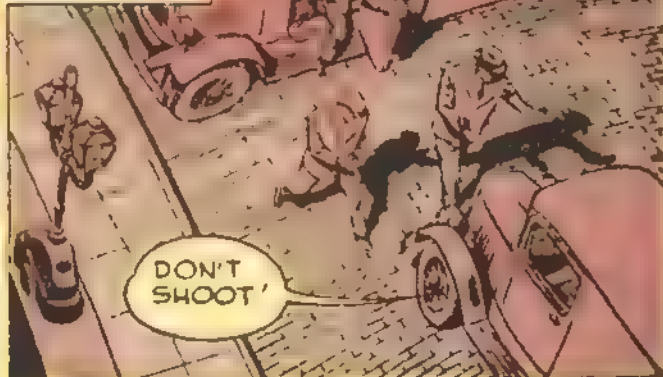


NO TROUBLE, ME 'EARTIES, OR YE'LL DIE.

ONLY A MINUTE IS REQUIRED FOR THE AUDACIOUS ROBBERY—THEN MEN WITH HEAVY BOXES OF LOOT SLIDE DOWN ROPES TO A WAITING LAUNCH.

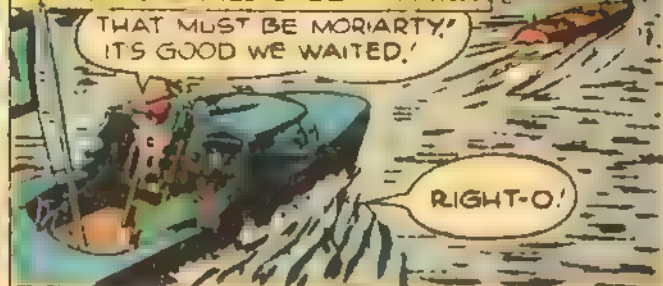


HALL RIGHT, PROFESSOR—START FEEDIN' THE PETROL!



DON'T SHOOT!

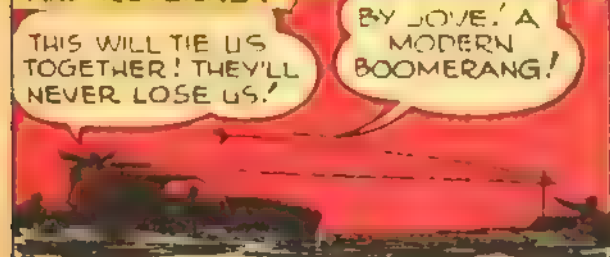
THE CRIMINALS SPEED AWAY...



THAT MUST BE MORIARTY, IT'S GOOD WE WAITED!

RIGHT-O!

THE BATANG GUN FIRES A CURIOUS MISSILE, WHICH LOOPS A LINE ABOUT THE FUGITIVE VESSEL'S FLAGSTAFF—AND RETURNS.



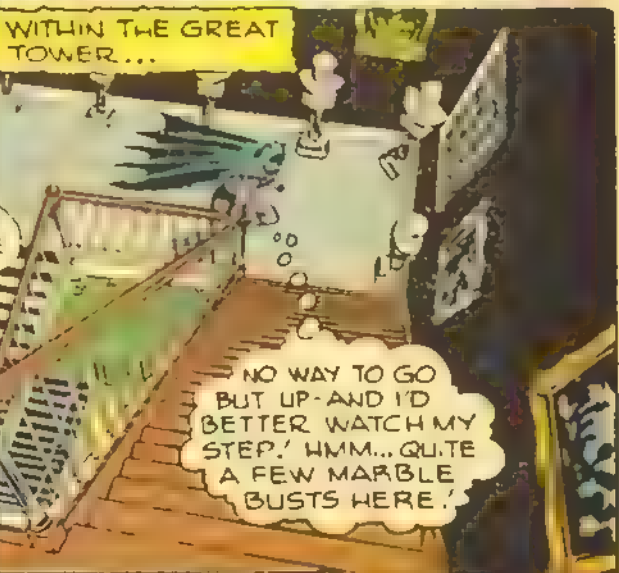
THIS WILL TIE US TOGETHER! THEY'LL NEVER LOSE US!

BY JOVE! A MODERN BOOMERANG!

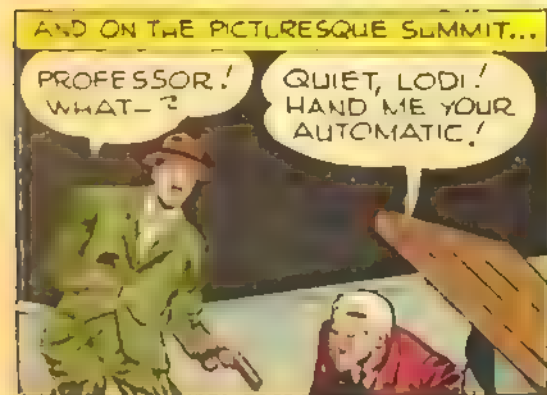
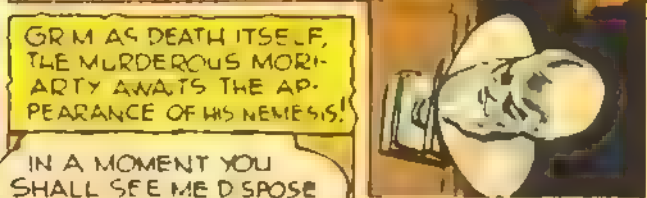
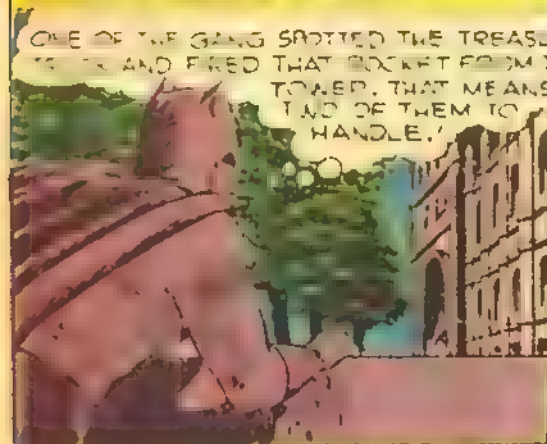
AND NOW—A PERILOUS PLAY TO SILENCE FLAMING PISTOLS!



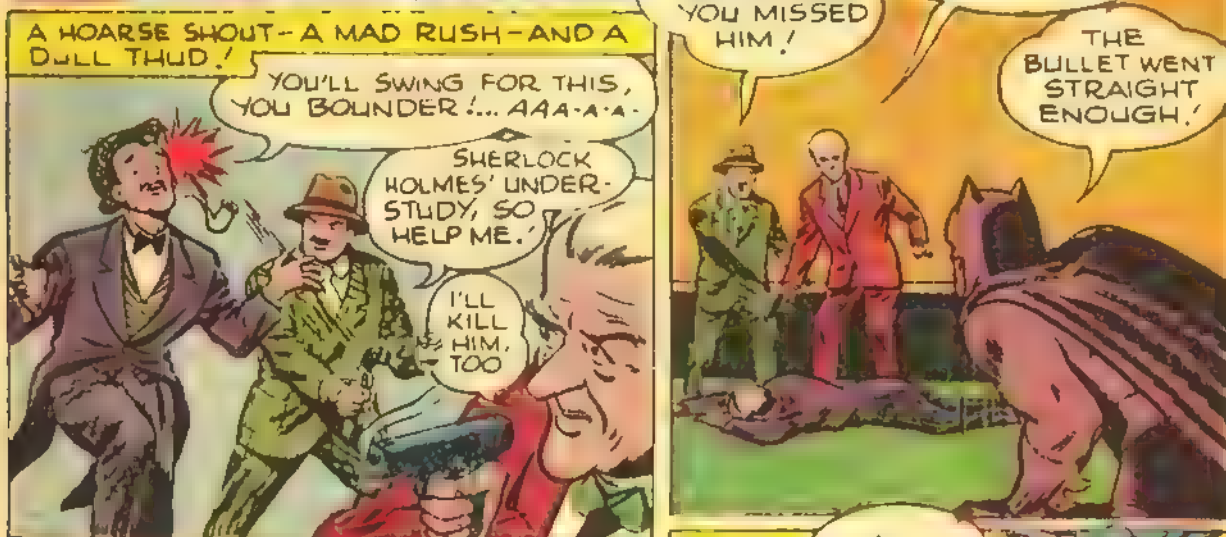
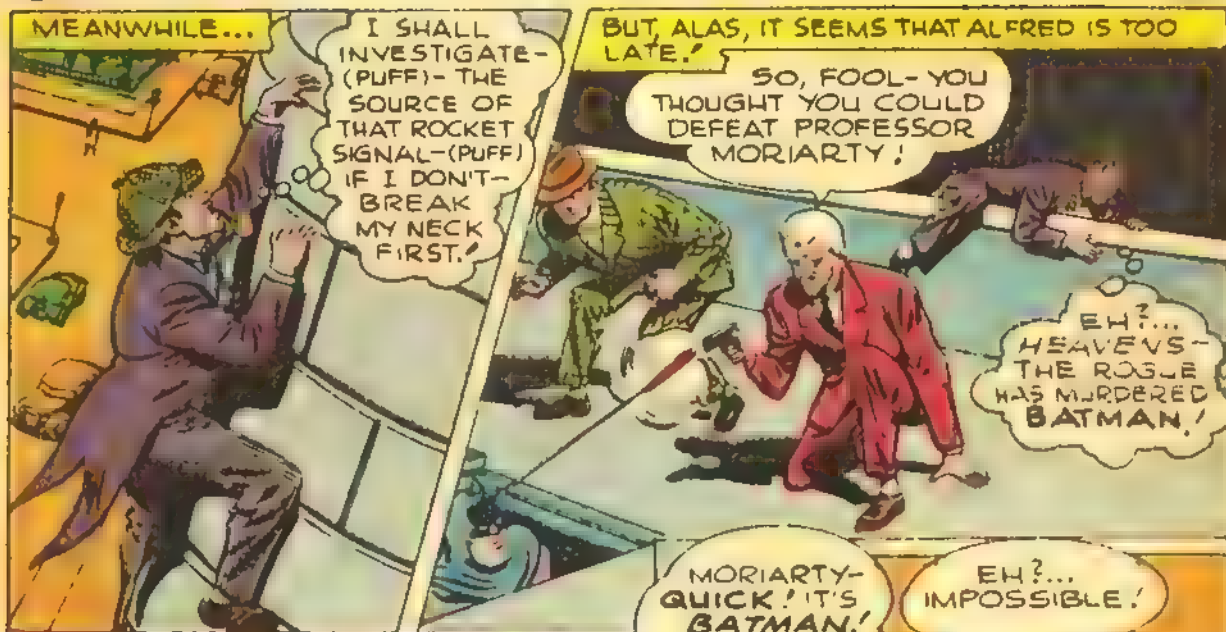
GRAB THE WHEEL, ROBIN! I'LL TAKE THESE RIVER RATS!



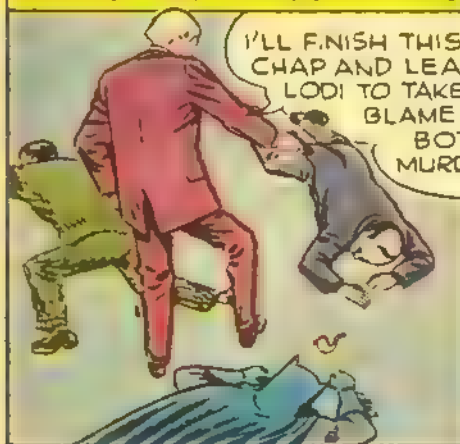
FROM THE EMBANKMENT BATMAN SEES A DARK FIGURE ENTERING A WINDOW AT THE BASE OF PARLIAMENT'S GREAT TOWER.



HOW CAN BATMAN HOPE TO TRIUMPH OVER ODDS SO HEAVY?



BATMAN SPRAWLS MOTIONLESS... BUT HIS HAND MOVES STEALTHILY!



I'LL FINISH THIS CHAP AND LEAVE LODI TO TAKE THE BLAME FOR BOTH MURDERS!

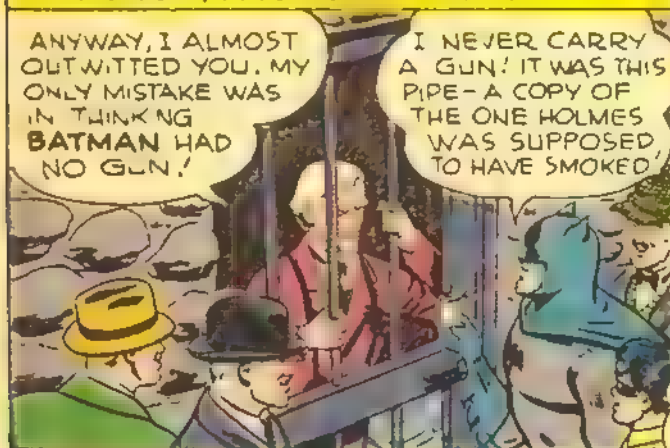
THE NEXT INSTANT...



DROP IT, MORIARTY. THE GAME'S UP!

WHAT-? YOU AGAIN-WITH A GUN! DON'T SHOOT, BATMAN!

SO ENDS THE STORY OF BATMAN'S BATTLE WITH THE CROOK WHO USED METHODS THAT ONCE BAFFLED EVEN SHERLOCK HOLMES... EXCEPT THAT LATER, IN SCOTLAND YARD...



ANYWAY, I ALMOST OUTWITTED YOU. MY ONLY MISTAKE WAS IN THINKING BATMAN HAD NO GUN!

I NEVER CARRY A GUN! IT WAS THIS PIPE-A COPY OF THE ONE HOLMES WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE SMOKED!

SO HOLMES BLUFFED MORIARTY AGAIN-IN REAL LIFE! WELL, WE'VE GOT THEM-AND THE CREDIT BELONGS TO

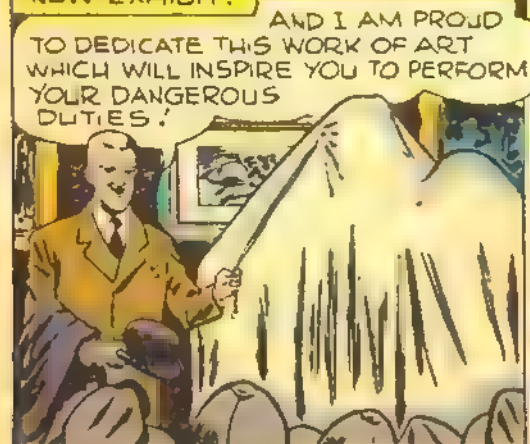
BATMAN AND ROBIN!

OH, NO! IT'S YOUR CASE, GOW- AND ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR SCOTLAND YARD! WE JUST WENT ALONG FOR THE RIDE!

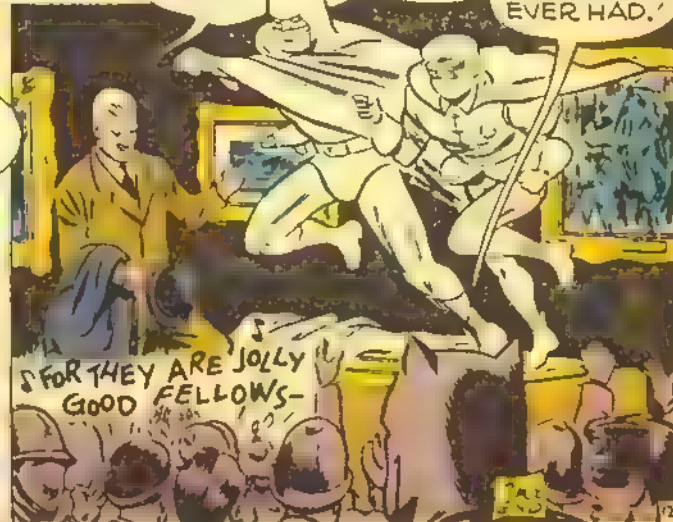
PEOPLE SAY WE'VE NO SHERLOCK HOLMES ANY MORE-BUT HIS BRAVE AND BRILLIANT SPIRIT STILL LIVES IN MEN LIKE THESE.

THIS, ROBIN, IS THE FINEST COMPLIMENT WE'VE EVER HAD!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE SCOTLAND YARD MUSEUM IS ENRICHED BY A NEW EXHIBIT!



AND I AM PROUD TO DEDICATE THIS WORK OF ART WHICH WILL INSPIRE YOU TO PERFORM YOUR DANGEROUS DUTIES!



FOR THEY ARE JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS-

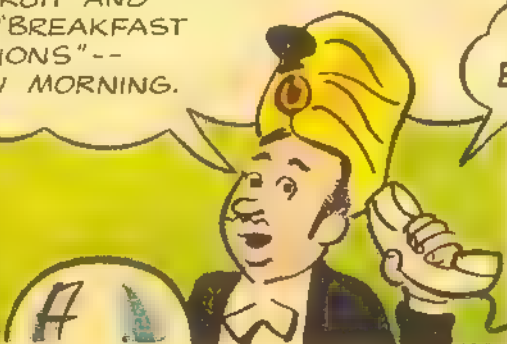


YOU DON'T NEED A CRYSTAL BALL TO CHECK YOUR MOTHER ON WHEATIES.

ALL YOU NEED IS AN EATING ACQUAINTANCE WITH THOSE CHAMPION WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES. 'CAUSE ONCE YOU KNOW WHEATIES SWELL NOURISHMENT, SWELE-GANT FLAVOR YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE MIGHTY SURE THERE'S A BIG STOCK OF WHEATIES ON HAND -- ALWAYS!

BETTER **LOOK INTO** YOUR SUPPLY OF WHEATIES...RIGHT NOW. YOU'LL WANT LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" -- TOMORROW MORNING.

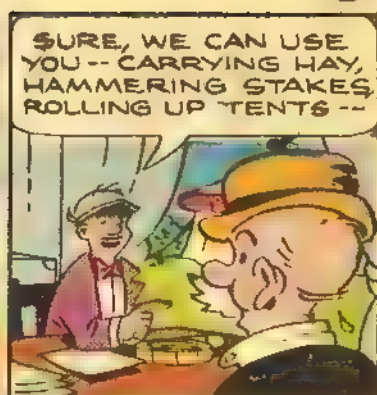
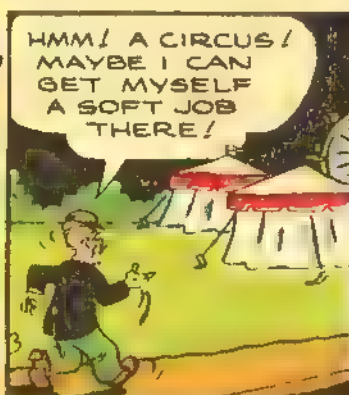
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SCUFFY

THE TRAMP



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HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

NO ONE KNOWS THE SECRET OF THE MARIE CELESTE, A SAILING SHIP THAT WAS FOUND ADRIFT IN PERFECT CONDITION ...WITH EVEN THE TABLES SET FOR DINNER...YET WITHOUT A SOUL ON BOARD!



EVERYONE KNOWS THAT SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS ARE THE PLEASANTEST, SWELLEST-TASTING WAY TO RELIEVE COUGHS DUE TO COLDS!



TRADE

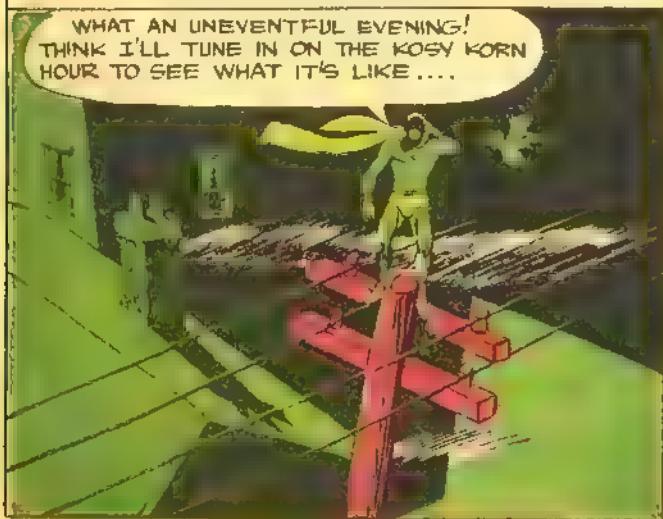
SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL-5¢



MARK



USUALLY *Air Wave* CATCHES CROOKS OVER THE WAVE-LENGTHS, BUT THIS TIME HE TUNES IN JUST FOR AMUSEMENT. .

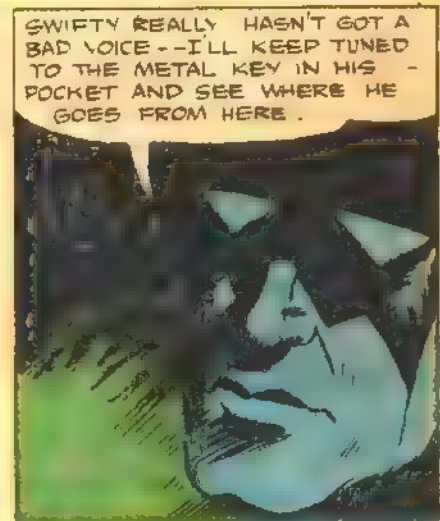
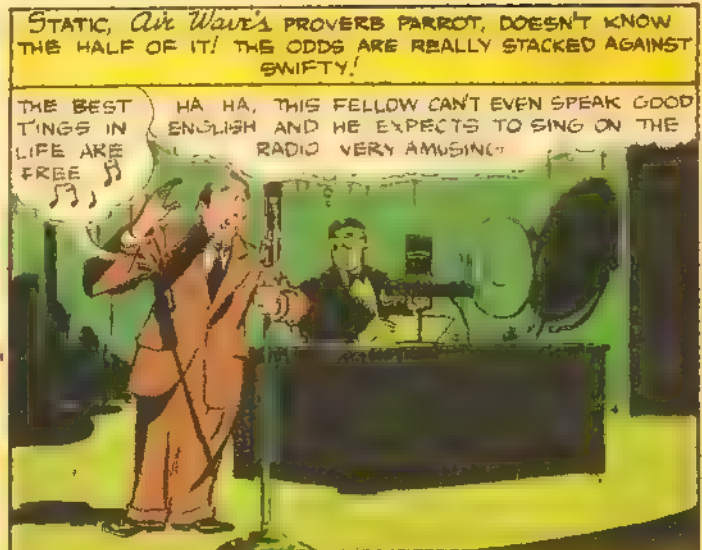
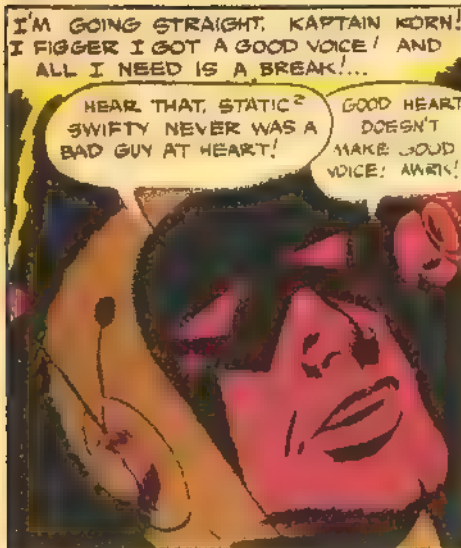


YES, CAPTAIN KORN, AFTER I GOT OUTTA STATE PRISON I FIGGERED THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE CRIME PAY IS TO GO ON THE RADIO!



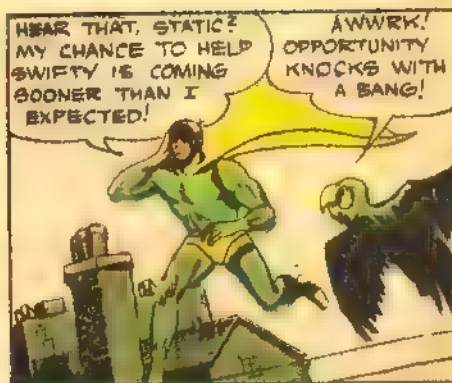


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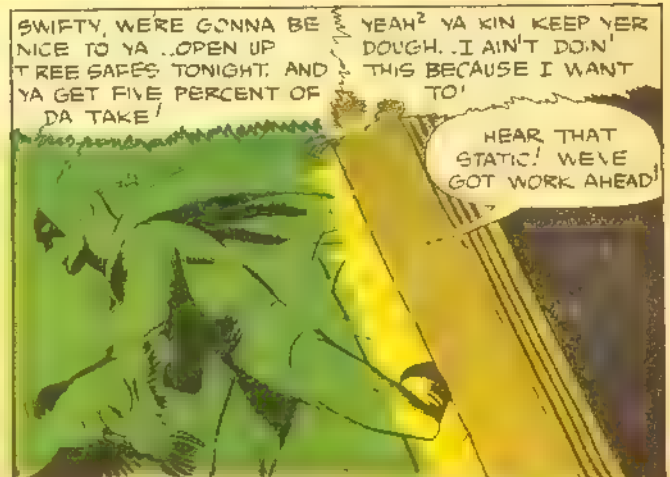
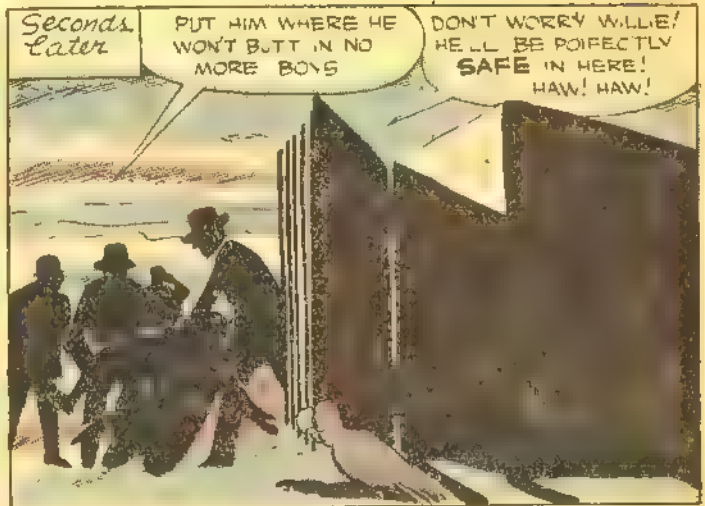


DETECTIVE COMICS





DETECTIVE COMICS





DETECTIVE COMICS



AND NOW JUST AS THE SECOND
SAFE DOOR SWINGS OPEN...

HE TOOK HIS EYES OFF ME—
HERE'S ME CHANCE...

HERE'S WHAT YA GET FOR
TRYIN' TA MAKE A CROOK
OUTTA ME!

GET HIM,
BOYS....

DROP
THAT
GUN,
RAT!

NOT BEFORE I PULL DA
TRIGGER ON DIS DOUBLE
CROSSER!

BUT A SURGE OF POWER FROM THE MAGICIAN
OF RADIO'S EQUIPMENT, AND...

NOW I'LL SEE IF
I CAN DRILL SOME SENSE
INTO YOU, MUGGS!

YH-I-I! DONT.
AIR WAVE,
WE GIVE UP!

AS FOR YOU, SWIFTY,
YOU'VE PROVED YOURSELF
AN HONEST MAN. I'M
GETTING YOU ON
THE AIR!

GEE, T'ANKS, AIR
WAVE... AND I
TOUGHT DAT WHEN
KAPTAIN KORN GAVE
ME DA AIR, I WAS
FINISHED!

BUT SWIFTY IS FAR FROM FINISHED. WITH
THE HELP OF THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS,
HE IS SOON ON THE KOSY KORN HOUR AGAIN!

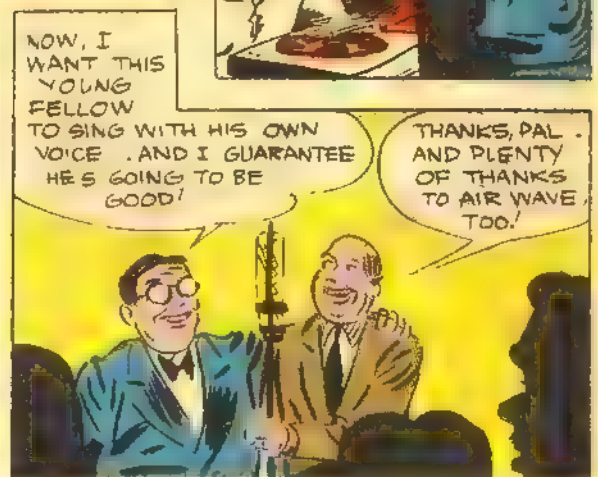
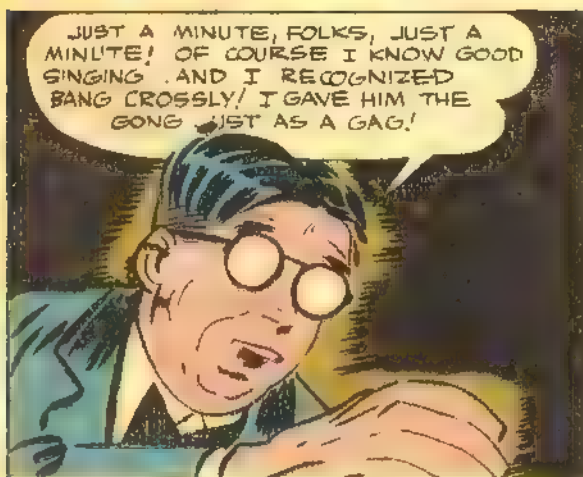
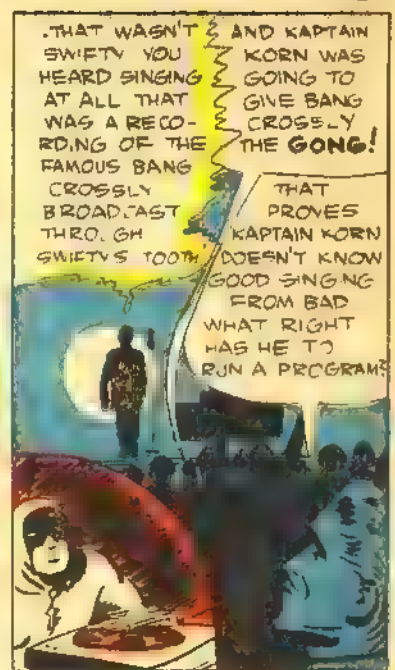
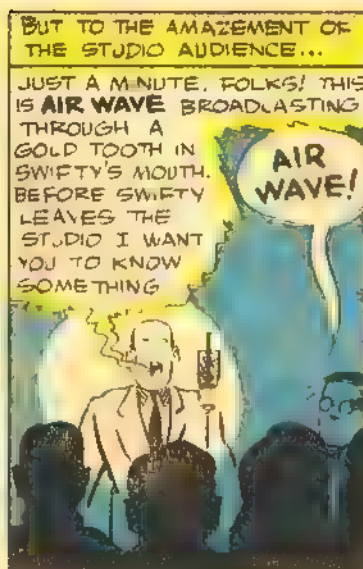
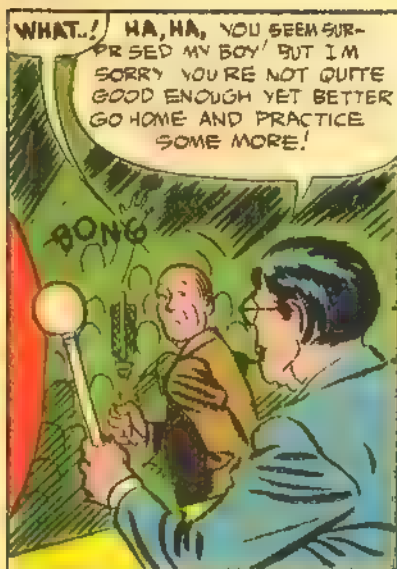
THE BEST
THINGS IN
LIFE ARE
FREEE..

HIS DICTION HAS IMPROVED,
BUT HE'S STILL FUNNY
ENOUGH TO GET THE
GONG!

Kaptain
KORN'S AMATEUR
HOUR



DETECTIVE COMICS




NOT BAD FOR A DAY'S WORK, EH, STATIC?

SING FOR YOUR SUPPER, DON'T CRACK SAFES FOR IT! AWWRK!

Advertisement

VOLTO

FROM MARS



HIS STRANGE MAGNETIC POWERS SAVE HIM FROM BEING TORN TO BITS BY A SAVAGE BEAST....

ON A CAMPING TRIP IN THE NORTHWEST...

LOOK! BEAR TRACKS! AND A MAN'S FOOTPRINTS, TOO!

WOW! IT'S VOLTO... BUT HE CAN'T GET FREE TO USE HIS POWERS. I'LL FIX THAT BEAR!



SWELL SHOT YOU'VE HIT THE BEAR!



FREED FROM THE GRIZZLY'S DEATH GRIP....

NOW I'LL FINISH THIS! WHEN I SAY "VOLTO!" MY LEFT HAND REPELS!

VOLTO!



ON THE WAY BACK TO CAMP ANOTHER FEROCIOUS GRIZZLY SEEKS REVENGE FOR HIS MATE...

HELP!

THANKS FOR HELPING ME, JOE.




O.K., JIMMY! STILL HAVE MY GOOD RIGHT ARM! WHEN I SAY "VOLTO!" IT ATTRACTS!

VOLTO!




BOY AM I BUSHED!

ME TOO! I SURE NEED SOME WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL TO RECHARGE MY MAGNETISM. WHERE'S THE GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES?



BOY, THESE GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES ARE GOOD! AND WE NEED THEIR WHOLE-GRAIN ENERGY!

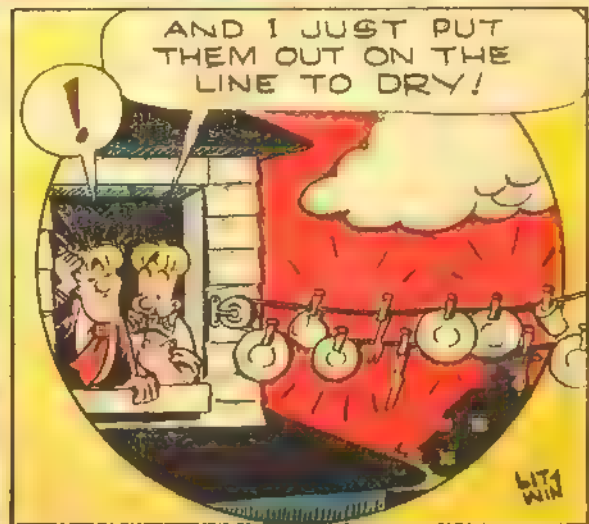
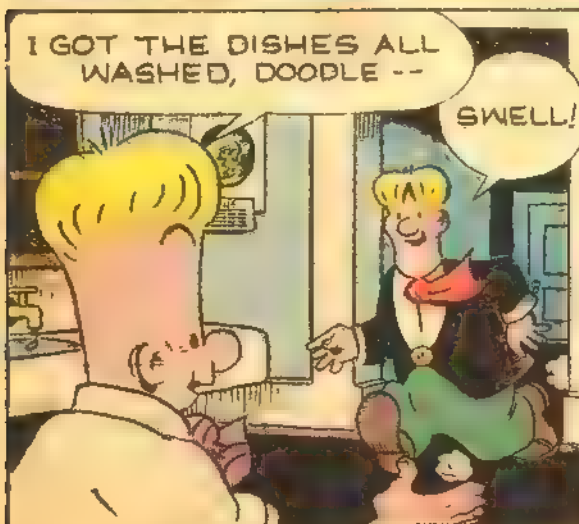
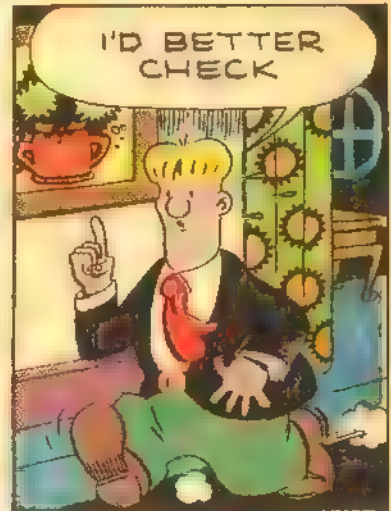
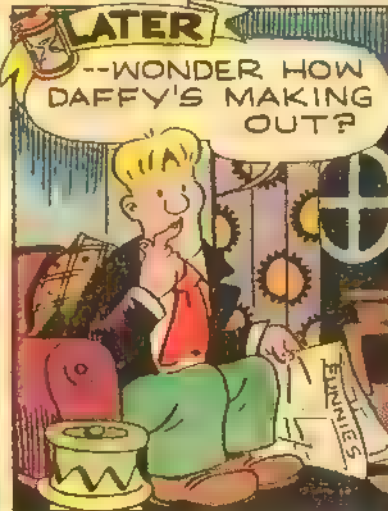
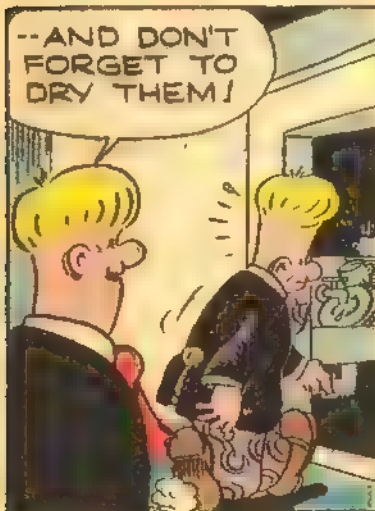
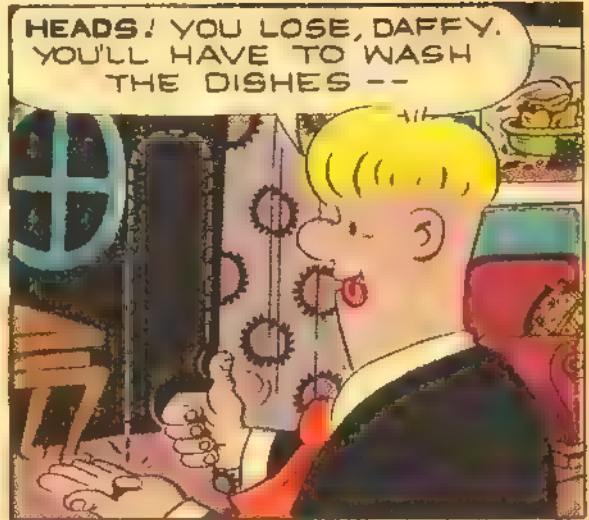


2016 GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES

TIME IN **HOP HARRIGAN** ABC NETWORK 4⁴⁵ MON. THRU FRI.



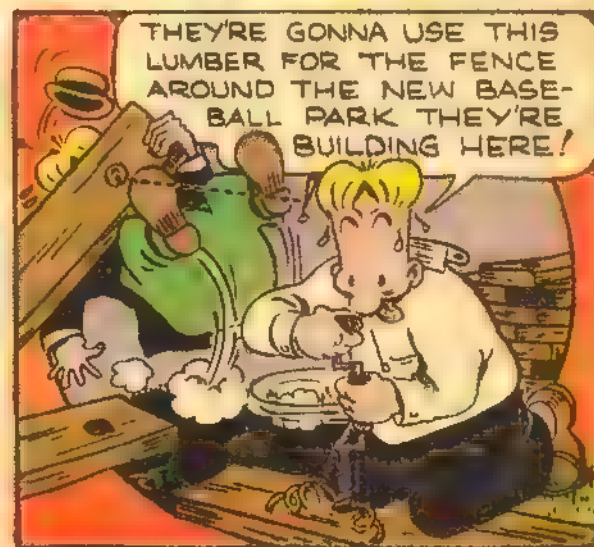
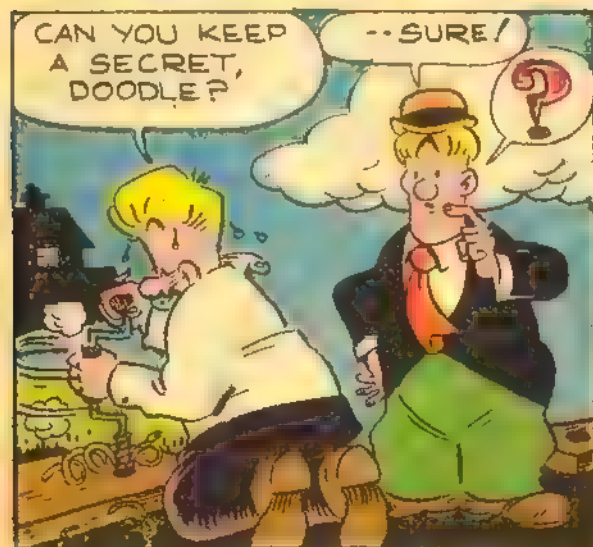
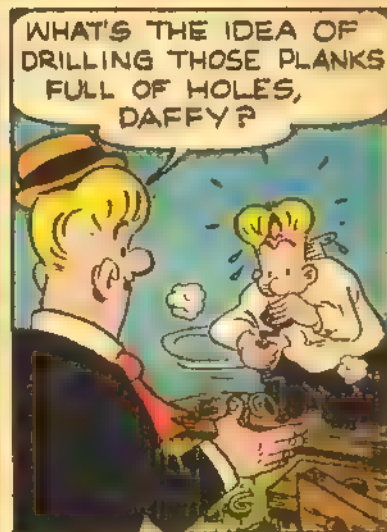
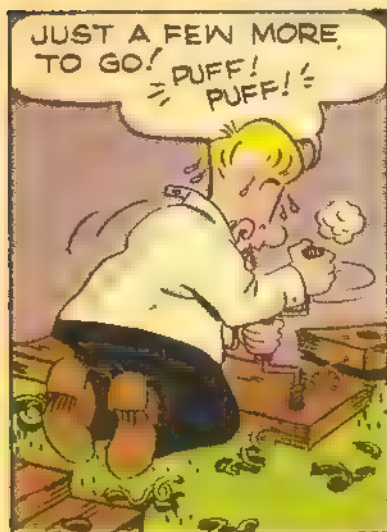
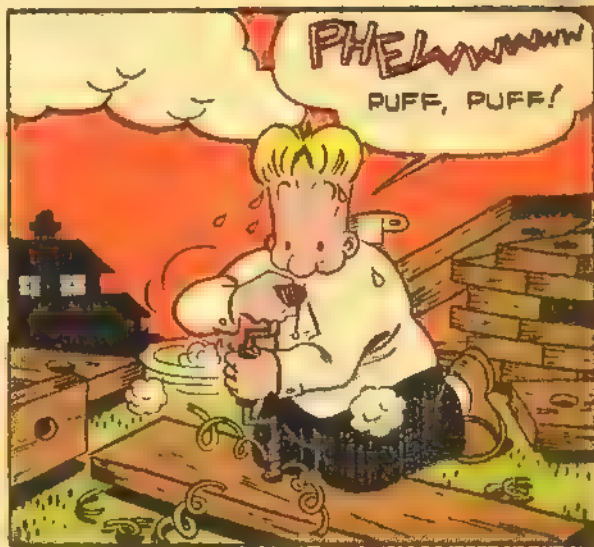
DAFFY & DOODLE

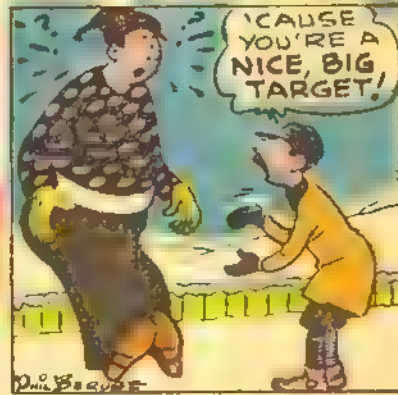
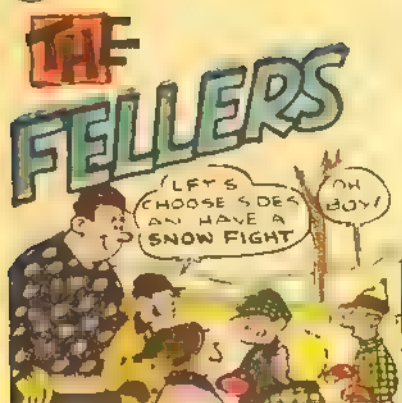




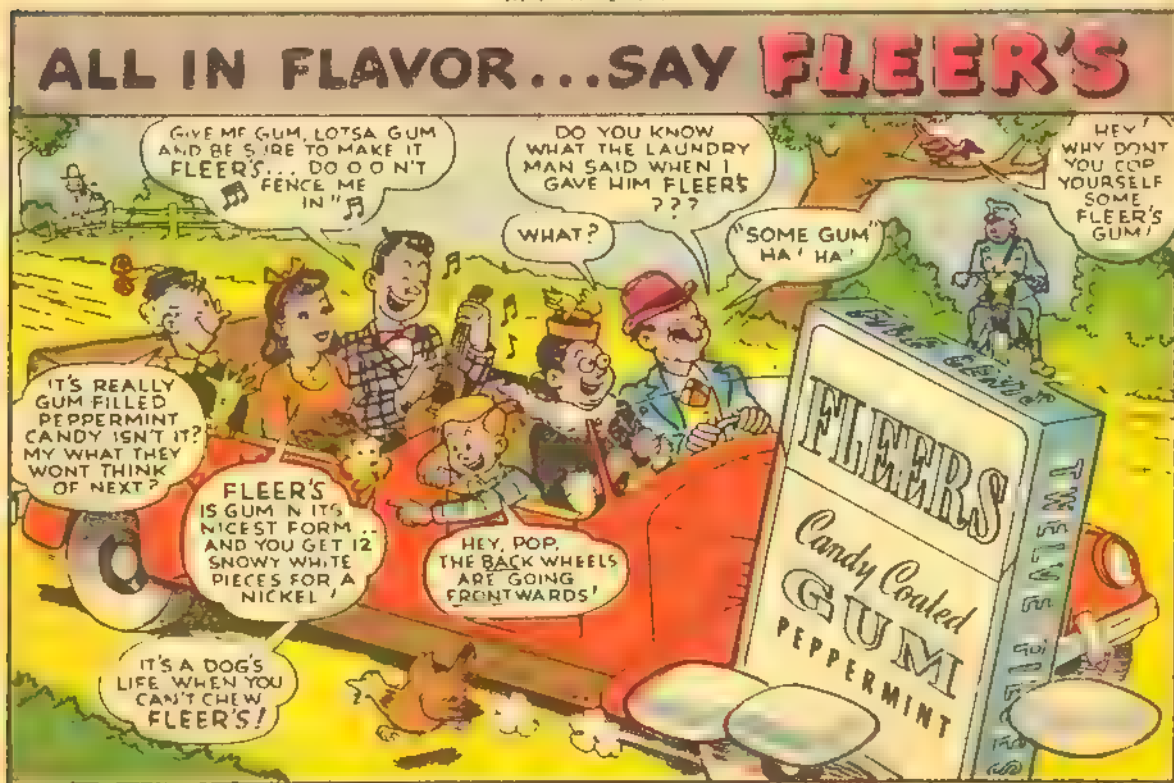
DAFFY & DOODLE

WIT WIN





ADVERTISEMENT



GOLDEN MURDER

by Blair Bolton

ALL day and throughout the evening the wives of the miners and trappers had been trooping into the General Store run by Old Daumier. Because of the big gold strike, plus an exceptionally good year in pelts, the store's business had been unusually good. Old Madame Daumier and young Raoul had had to turn to and help wait on the flood of customers

Finally, the last customer had left the store, the shutters were up, his wife and son had carried themselves off to a well-earned rest, and Old Daumier sat adding up the profits.

He, too, was tired. The accounts could wait. But habit was strong in the old man, and he couldn't go to sleep without first doing his usual routine of totaling up nightly. It had been the biggest day since he'd gone into business. He could have used Frenchy Lafleur this day. Frenchy had been his clerk, and a good one, until gambling had brought about his downfall and he'd stolen money from Old Daumier.

Old Daumier could have sent Frenchy to prison for the theft. But he was a soft-hearted man and, though he could ill afford the loss (since he was putting money aside for Raoul's education), he had listened to Frenchy's tearful explanation and merely dismissed him. Frenchy had then left town.

Or so Old Daumier thought. Otherwise, he might have changed the lock on the door.

That he did not do so, was to spell his death. For at this moment, lurking outside and

watching the windows of Daumier's store was Frenchy.

Frenchy was thin and swarthy. He had dark, burning eyes, and now his face was heavily bearded. All day, safely hidden from view, he had watched the heavy business eddying into Old Daumier's store. And as he watched, pangs of greed grew hot within him.

He grinned evilly as the light went out in Raoul's room. That would be Madame Daumier, putting her son to bed with a good-night kiss. A few minutes later, the light went out in Madame Daumier's room. Frenchy smiled. He had lived over the store. The old girl was a heavy sleeper, falling into deep slumber as soon as her head touched the pillow.

It was time to strike!

Carefully, he let himself in through the back door. He knew every inch of the way, although the rear room was in complete darkness. He emerged into the store. Old Daumier, unaware of an intruder, was sitting beneath a hanging, green-shaded light. Piles of gold pieces and gold dust were before him. As he counted, Old Daumier would make notations in a huge ledger.

Slowly, Frenchy edged along the wall, trying to hide in the shadows created by the lamp. His hand clutched the knife in his belt, and his long, narrow fingers closed around it. He held his breath. Old Daumier, as though some instinct had warned him, suddenly turned. The aged eyes tried to pierce the gloom, but Frenchy's dark

clothing blended into the darkness.

The old man returned to his figures. Frenchy, his body trembling, breathed a sigh of relief. It had been a close call! This killing would have to be done without noise. Frenchy was sure that Madame Daumier wouldn't awaken. She would be snoring by now. But Raoul—that was another matter.

Expertly, Frenchy measured the distance between himself and Old Daumier. Then he leaped. He leaped just as the old man reached for an ink bottle, and the knife, instead of striking in Old Daumier's back, went into his shoulder.

Quickly, Frenchy clubbed his fist into the old man's face. With a sigh, Daumier slid to the floor. Hastily, Frenchy shoved the gold and the dust into the pockets of his mackinaw. Another minute and he'd be gone!

Yes, he'd be gone. Then he could race for the border and get into the States. He'd go to Detroit. There he would be safe. He knew how to cross the border. This past week he had figured that out. Yes, and nobody would think of him in connection with the crime, for everyone knew he had left town. And no one had seen him return.

But he reckoned without Madame Daumier's unusual day. Overtired from her day of work in the store, and unable to sleep, she decided to join her husband. She got up, slipped into her felt slippers and lighted a lamp. Then she padded

noiselessly to the head of the stairs.

Frenchy saw her standing there just as she caught sight of him. The light was far enough away to make his face unrecognizable, but Madam Daumier knew the figure wasn't her husband's.

"Help!" she cried "Police!"

Frenchy dashed for the door. From behind him came the screams of Madam Daumier. Had she recognized him? He wasn't sure. His muttered imprecations kept him company as he took a little used trail out of town. It would be three days before he could reach the border, three days in which he must outwit the Mounties if they came after him.

By morning, he had put considerable distance between himself and the town in which he had once worked for Old Daumier. Still heading south, he moved with slow steps. He was tired, and the gold inside his pockets was heavy. It was an ample mackinaw, with spacious pockets. Inside the coat was a huge pocket which Frenchy had put in himself a long time ago. That hidden pocket was something Old Daumier had never known about.

Old Daumier had thought Frenchy stole only money. The secret pocket had hidden many a piece of merchandise which Frenchy later sold a few towns away. Old Daumier had always been puzzled over the thefts, blamed the miners' children for them.

Frenchy pressed on doggedly, spurred by the burning worry over whether or not he had been recognized by Mrs. Daumier. But, two more days and he'd be over the border!

It was bitter cold, and his snowshoes left wide tracks in the gleaming white snowfall of

the evening before. Foot by foot he moved, until his legs could go no further and he was almost asleep on his feet. Yes, he'd sleep . . . and make up the time later. . . .

When he awoke, he was dismayed to find he had slept almost six hours. The sun was high in the heavens and it had warmed things up. Frenchy rolled up his sleeping bag, strapped it on his back. He bent over to put on his snowshoes. It was then that he saw the Mountie!

He was some distance away, but there was no mistaking the peaked hat, although the sun, glistening on the Mountie's holster would have been enough. He stood there, symbol of law and order in the Northwest, by the horizon.

Frenchy watched him through burning eyes. Had the Mountie seen him? For a long while he stood there, tense, motionless. The Mountie, he knew, carried field glasses. But this man was too far away for Frenchy to see whether he was using them.

Frenchy held his breath. Then panic gripped him. "He has found me with the glasses!" he cried. "He is coming to get me!" Yes, the Mountie was moving toward him.

"But he will never take me alive!" Frenchy muttered. "I'll kill him before he can catch me!" He slipped into his snowshoes and moved across the snow. Every now and then he would look back, see the Mountie. There was no doubt about it.

Perspiration poured down his face as he tried to put distance between himself and his pursuer. If he could only make the river, cross its ice, he would be able to hide! There was an old cave on the other side, not far from the river. Not many people knew about it. Smugglers

use it as a hideout.

Frenchy slid down an incline. His heart was pounding wildly against his ribs as he saw the ice-covered river stretching before him. Once across the river he would be able to hide!

* Frenchy's body stiffened, as a rifle shot rang out. Then he relaxed. "The fool!" he told himself, "trying to hit me at such a distance!" He felt better, suddenly. "He must be a new Mountie," he said. "He cannot be smart to shoot like that. He cannot know this territory." Relaxed, he crouched on his snowshoes, headed toward the ice-covered avenue of escape before him.

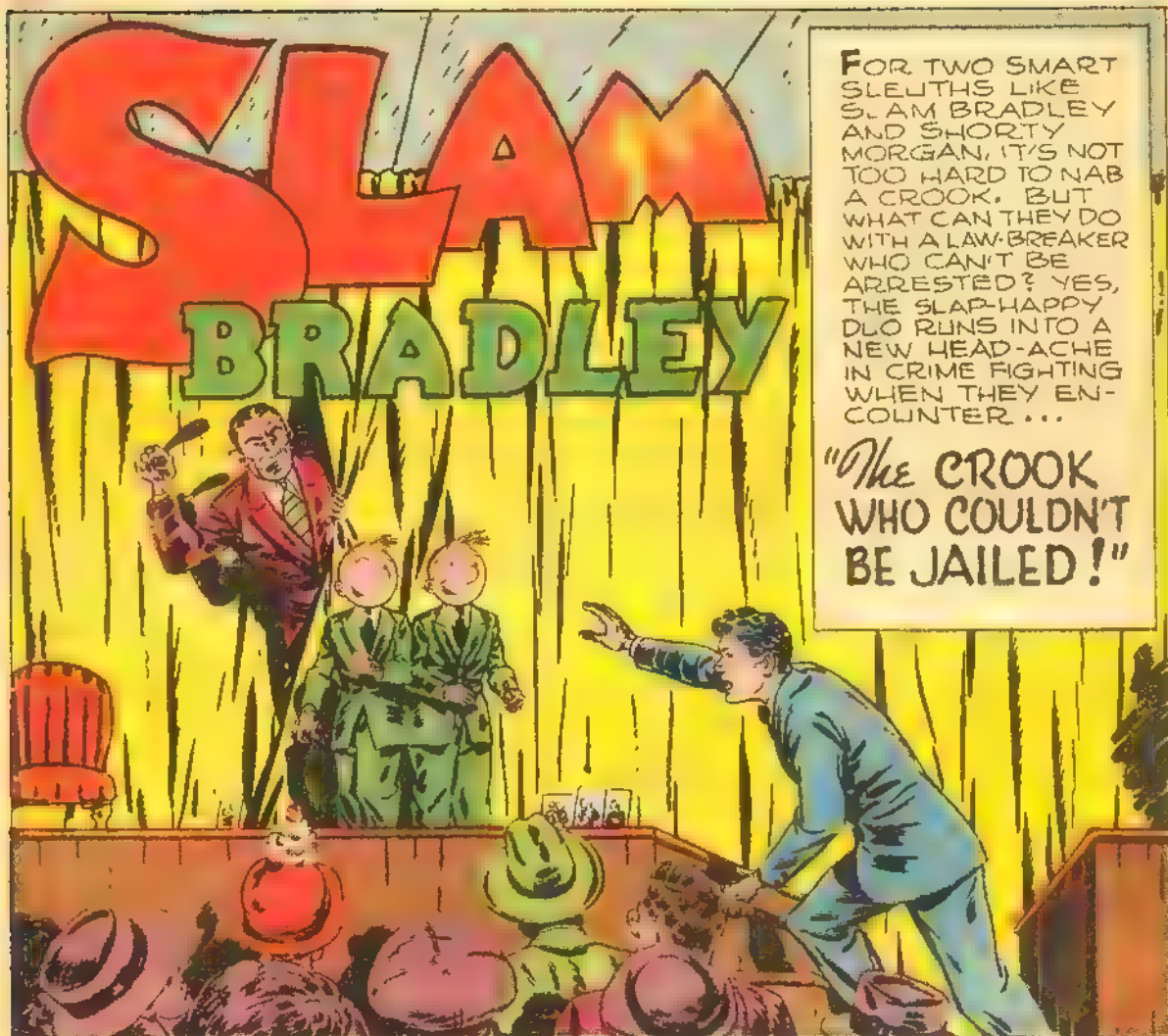
In a few minutes, a very few minutes now, he would be safe! "Ho-ha!" Frenchy yelled wildly, "I've made it!"

His snowshoes glided smoothly across the river ice, and Frenchy yelled exultantly. He had eluded his pursuer! This time a Mountie would not get his man!

Suddenly the smile froze on his face. The ice was cracking! All about him it suddenly began opening up into huge cracks. With a scream, Frenchy plunged through, and was sucked down into the swiftly moving water below. . . .

When he made his report, the Mountie said, "I don't know who he is. Sergeant. I only saw him from a distance. But when I figured he was going to try to cross the river, I tried to warn him with a rifle shot when I couldn't catch up with him. But he didn't stop." The Mountie scratched his head. "He sank fast. Must have carried a lot of weight on him."

It was Spring when they recovered Frenchy's body. The gold which had held him fast to the bottom all winter was still in his pockets.



FOR TWO SMART SLEUTHS LIKE SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, IT'S NOT TOO HARD TO NAB A CROOK. BUT WHAT CAN THEY DO WITH A LAW-BREAKER WHO CAN'T BE ARRESTED? YES, THE SLAP-HAPPY DLO RUNS INTO A NEW HEAD-ACHE IN CRIME FIGHTING WHEN THEY EN-COUNTER...

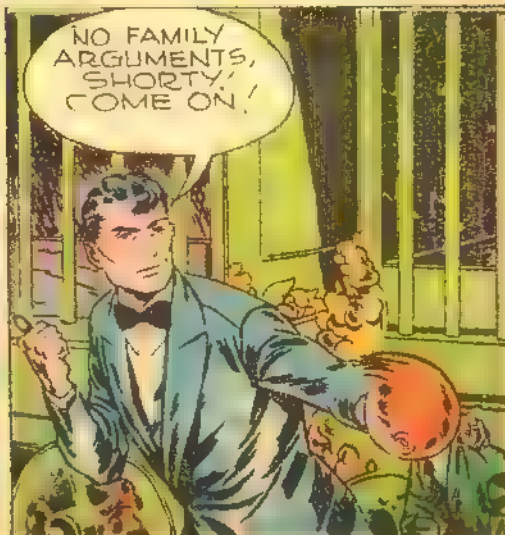
"The CROOK WHO COULDN'T BE JAILED!"

THE DELIGHTS OF THE BIG TOP DRAW YOUNG AND OLD, EVEN DETEC-TIVES SLAM AND SHORTY ...

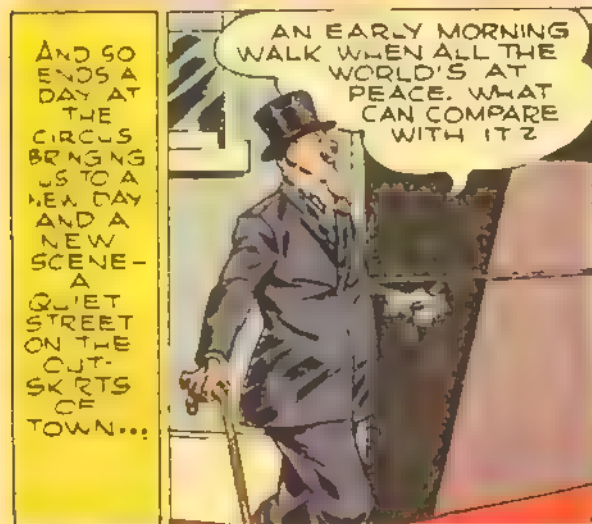
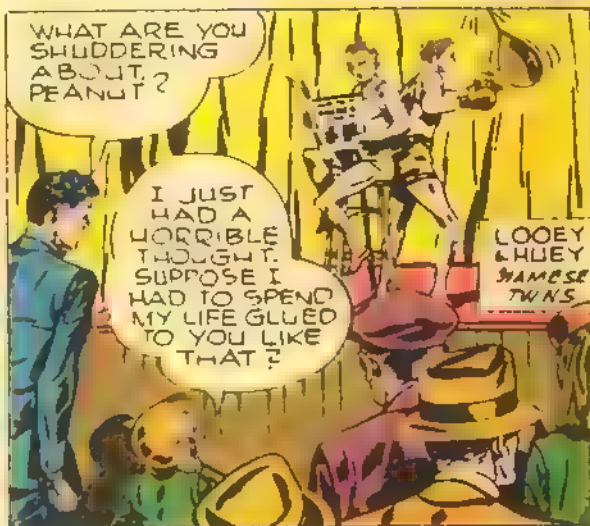
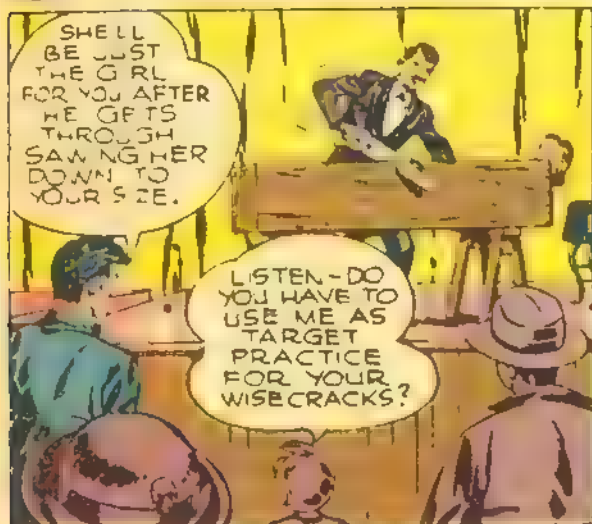


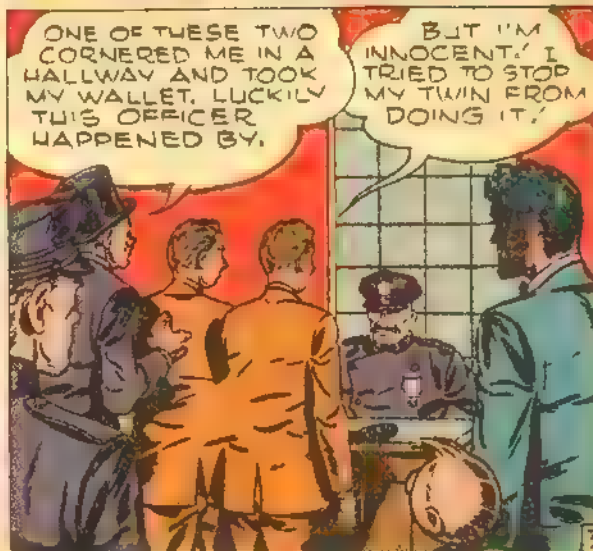
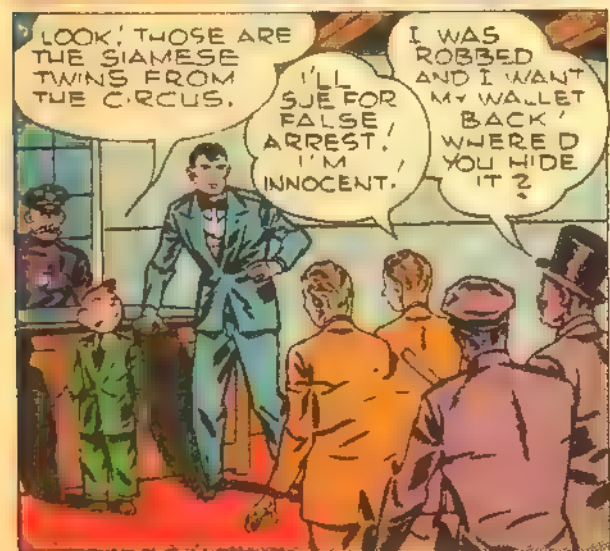
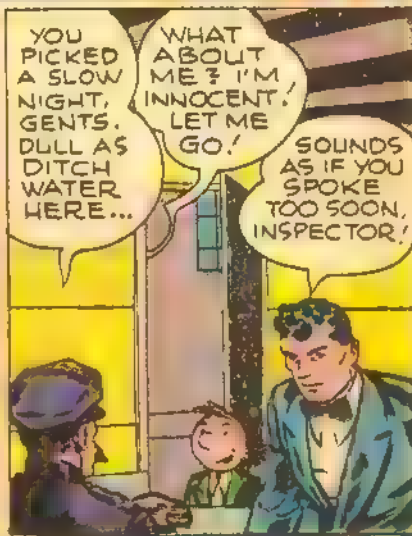
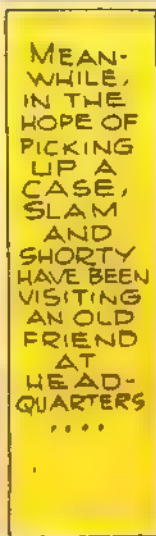
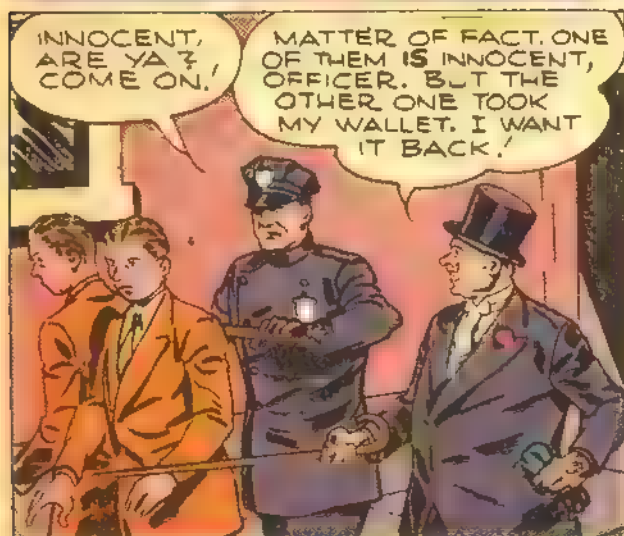
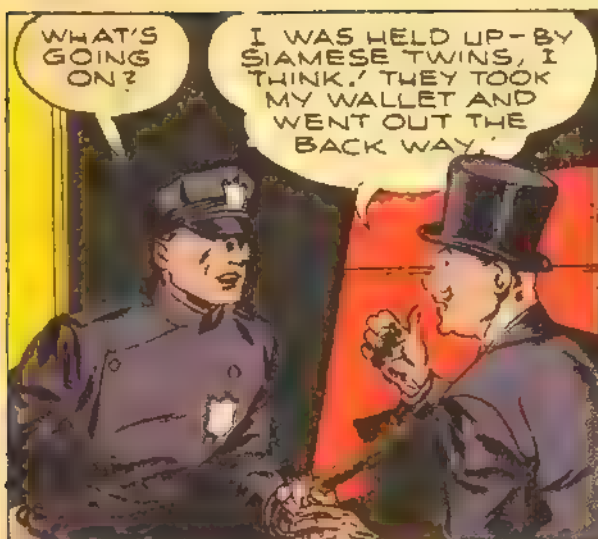
GRRAA!

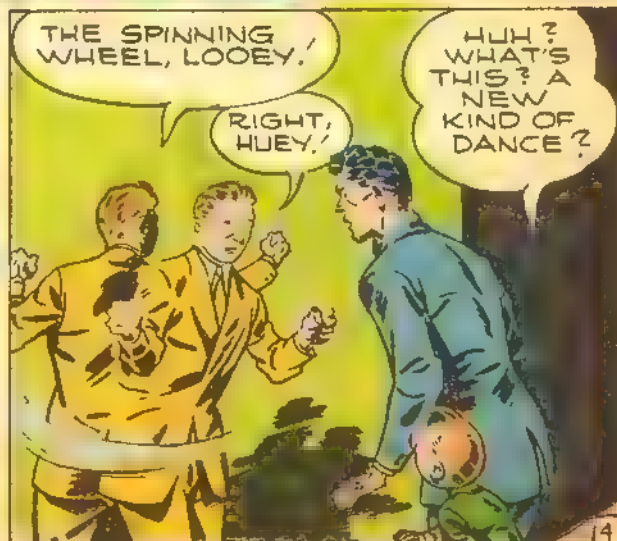
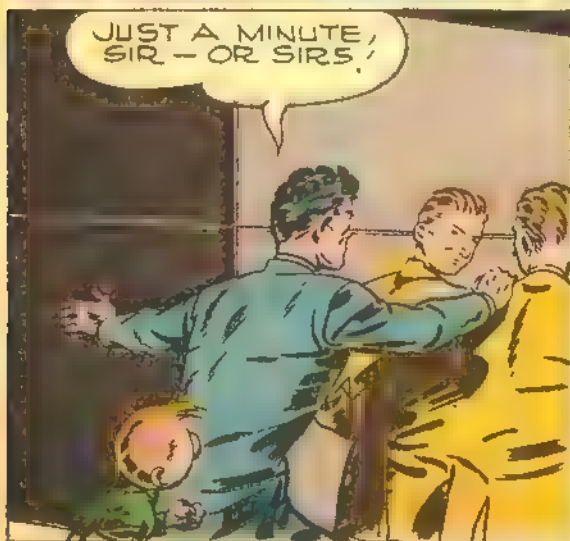
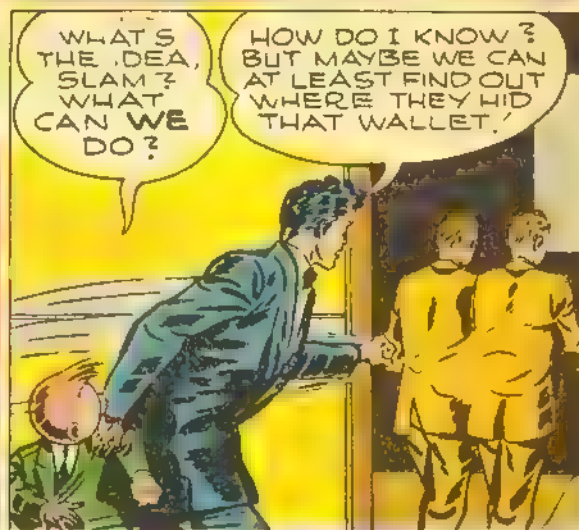
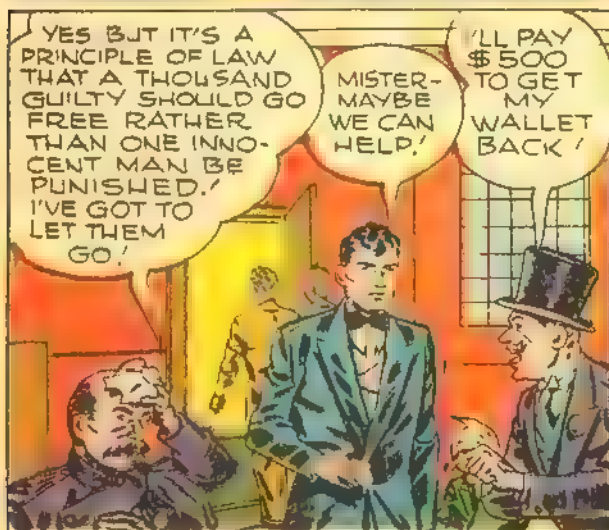
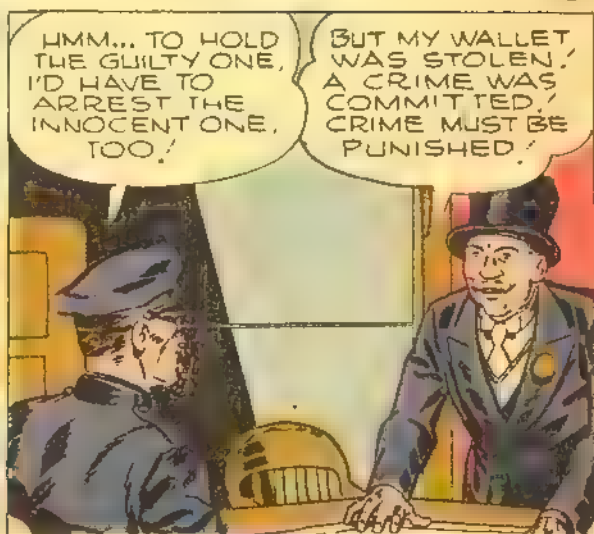
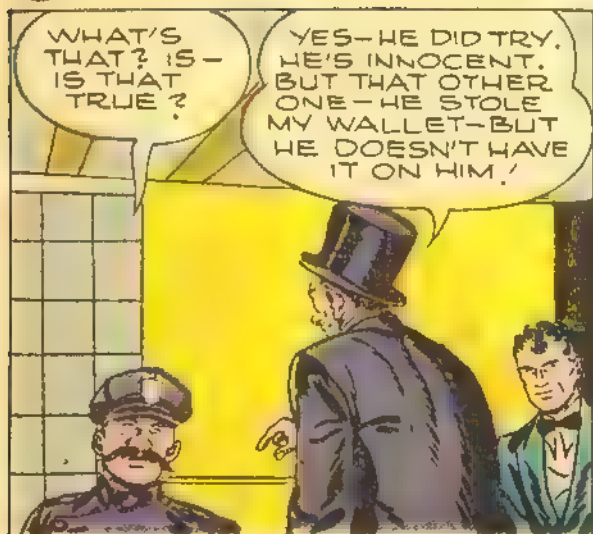
GRA YOUR-SELF!

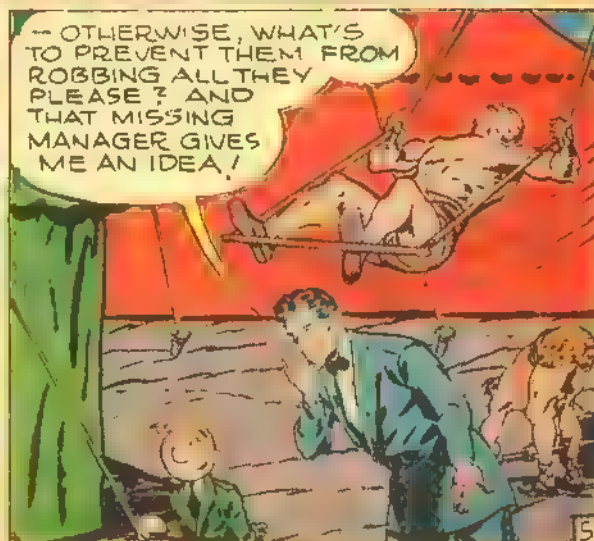
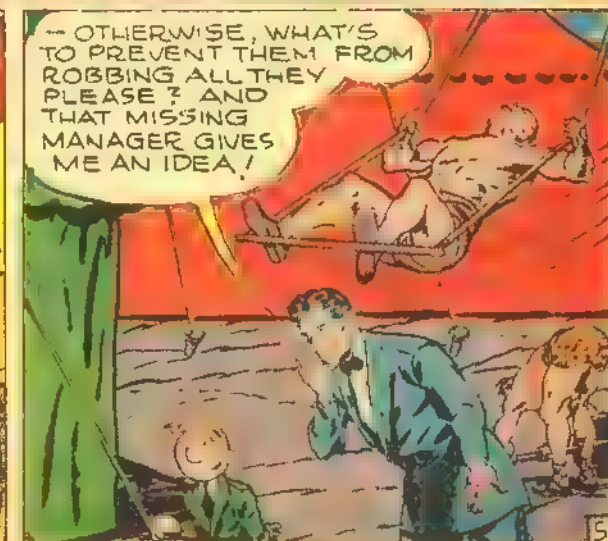
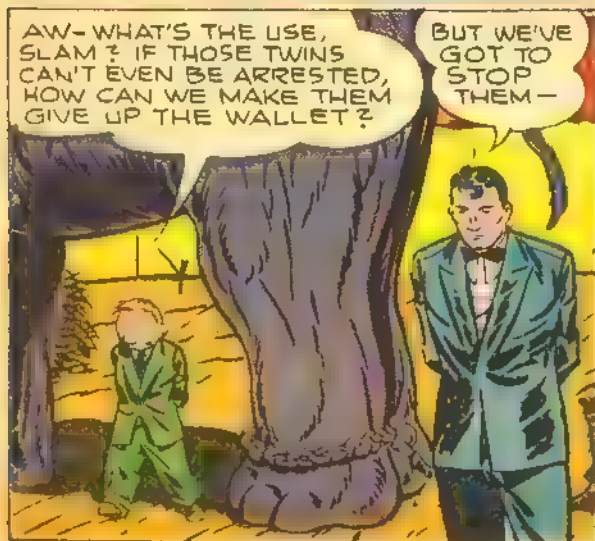
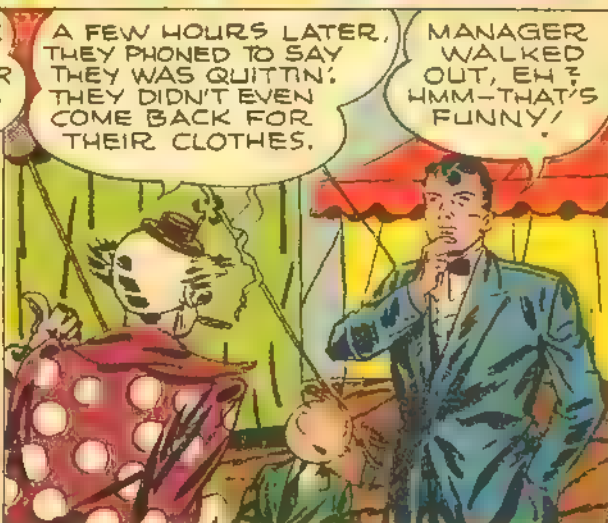
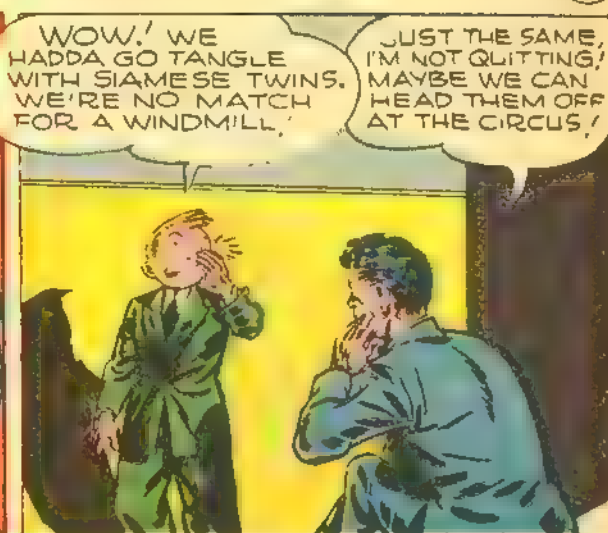
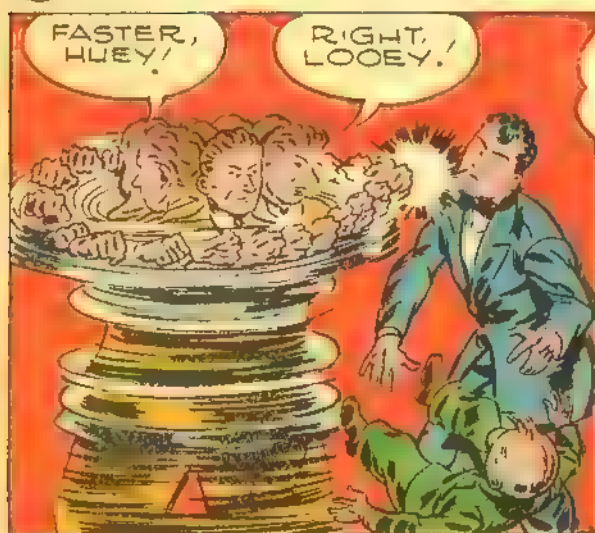


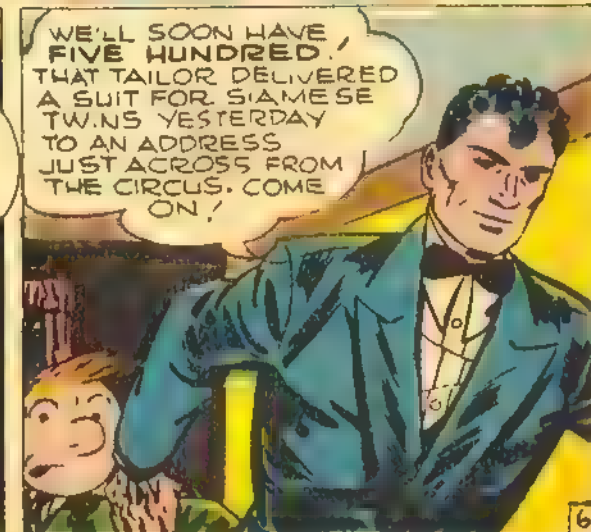
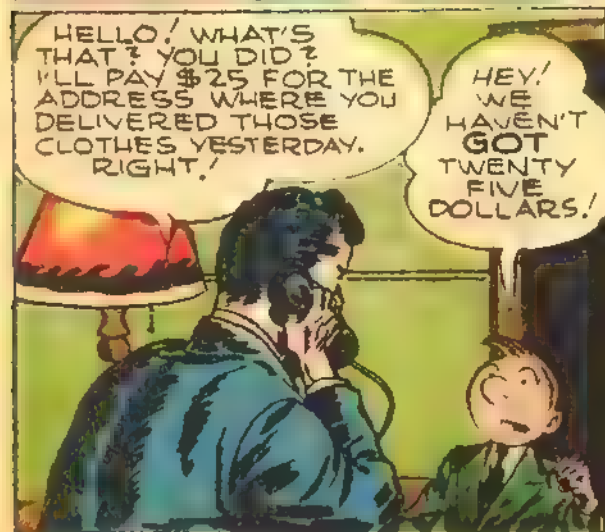
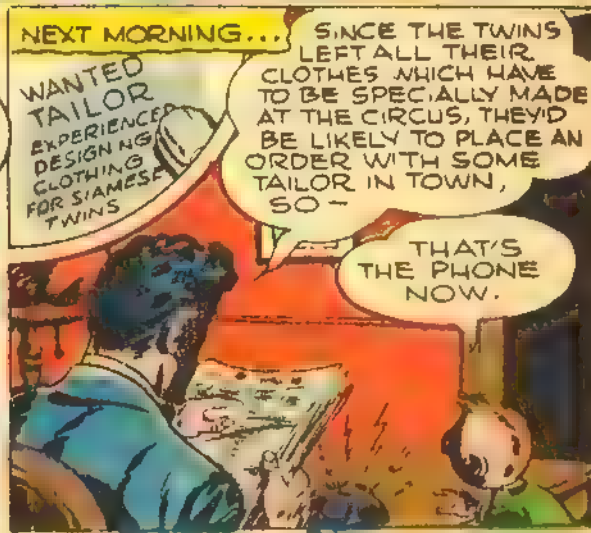
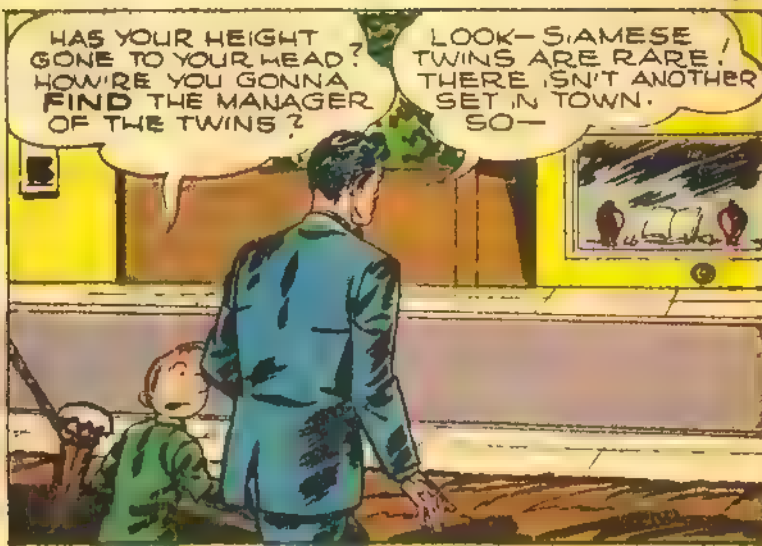
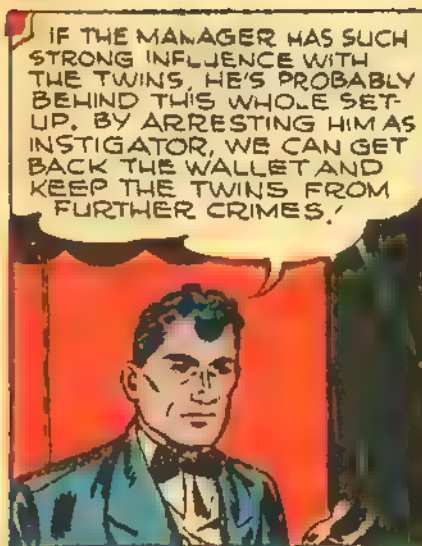
NO FAMILY ARGUMENTS, SHORTY, COME ON!

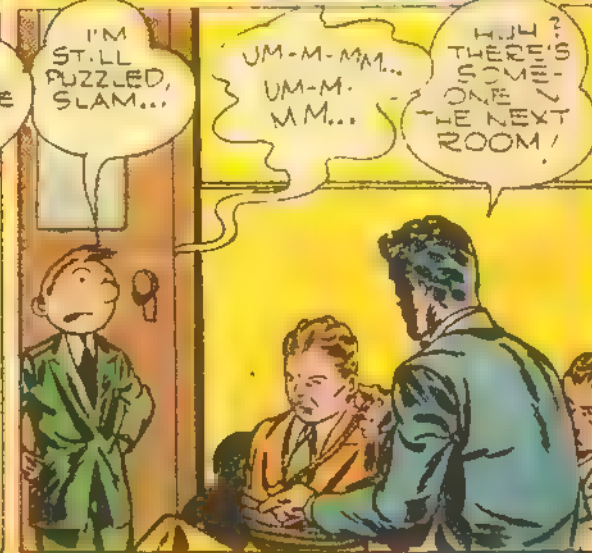
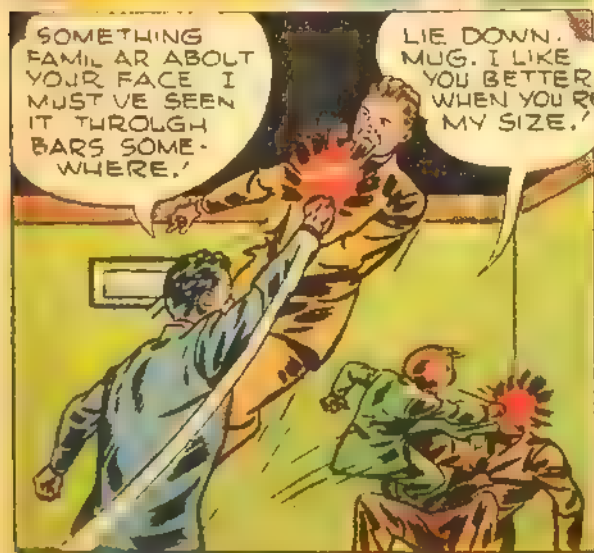
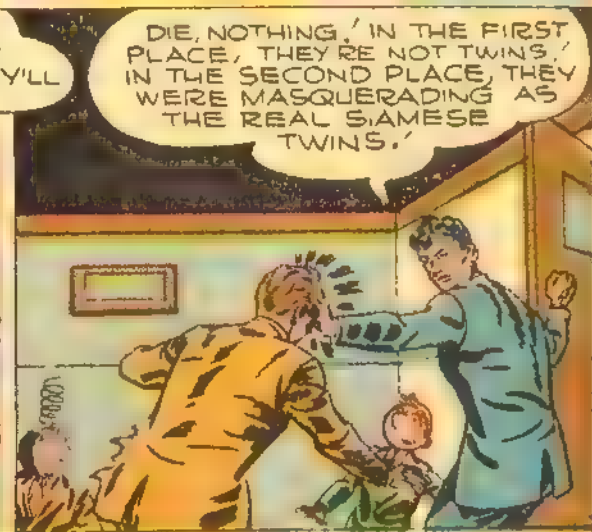
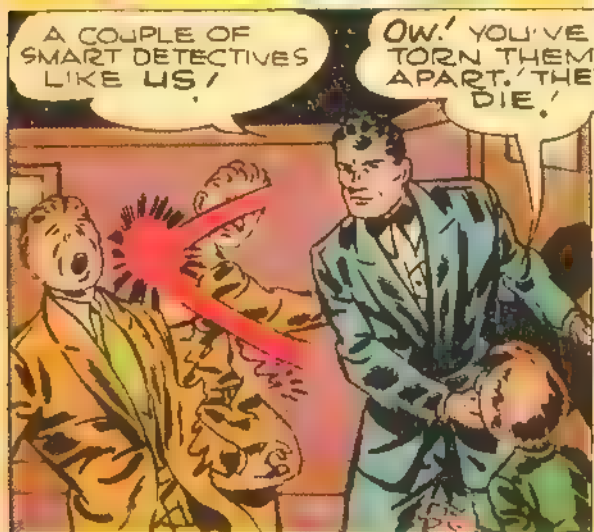
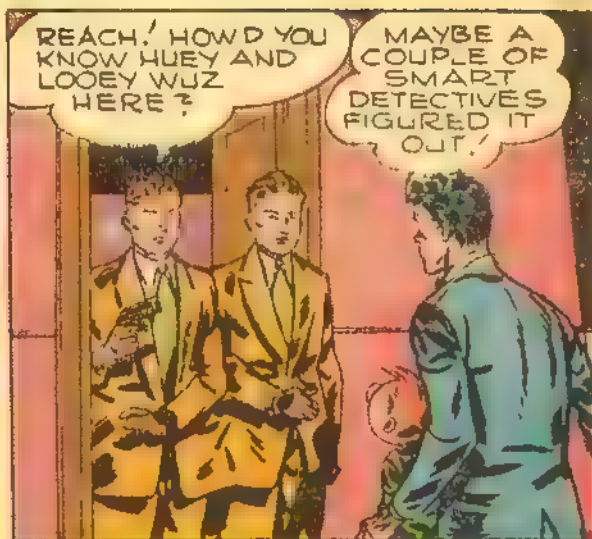
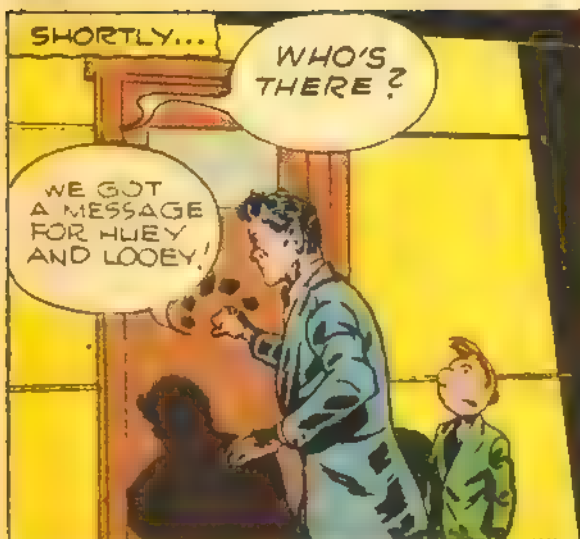


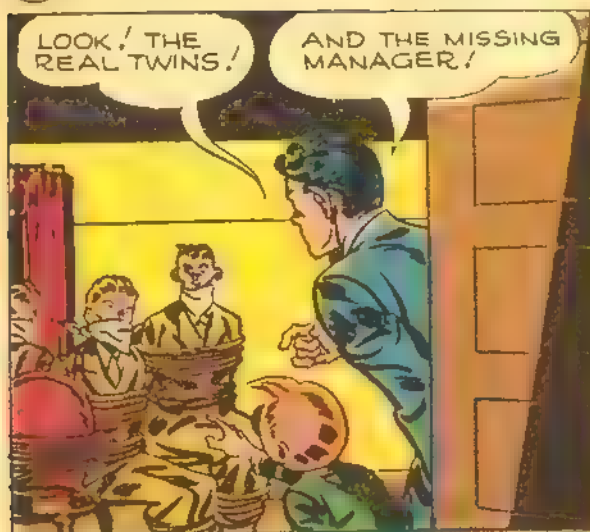




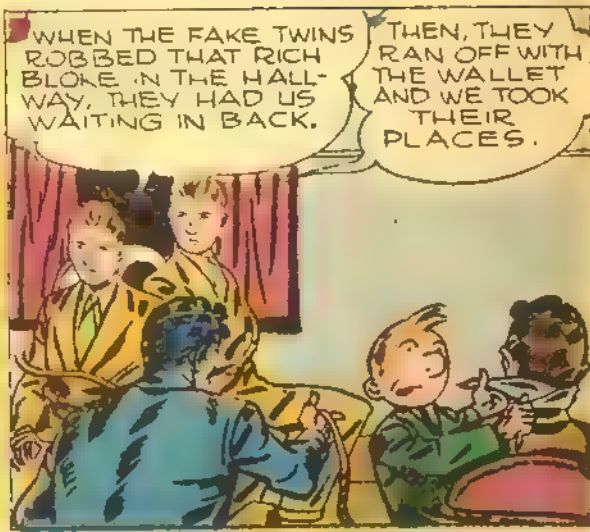




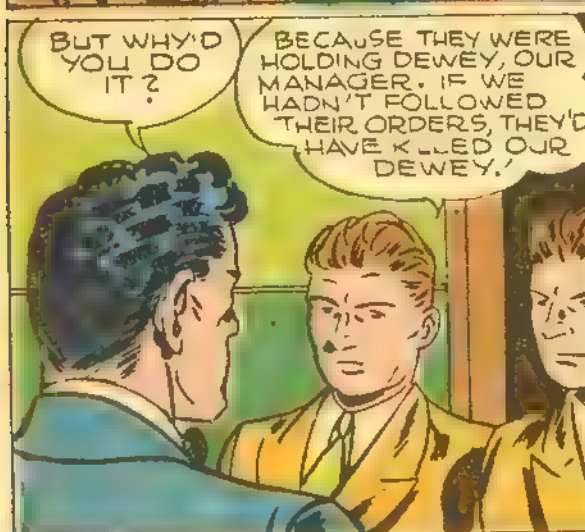




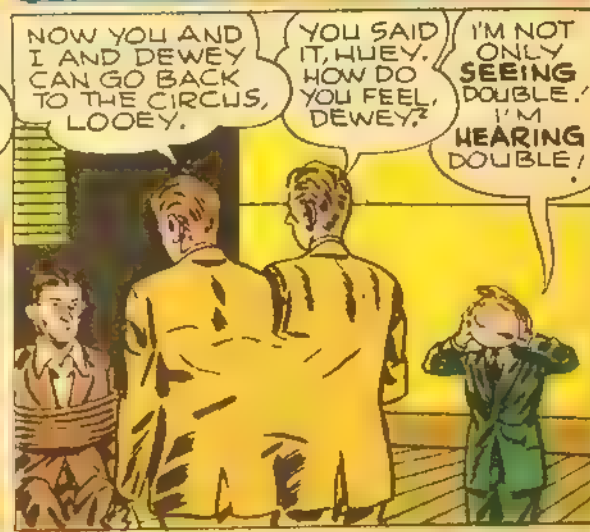
AND THE MISSING MANAGER!



THEN, THEY RAN OFF WITH THE WALLET AND WE TOOK THEIR PLACES.

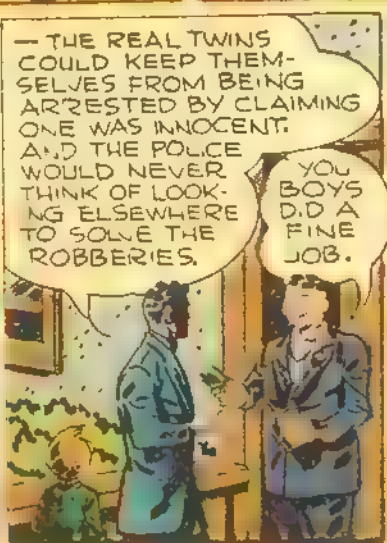
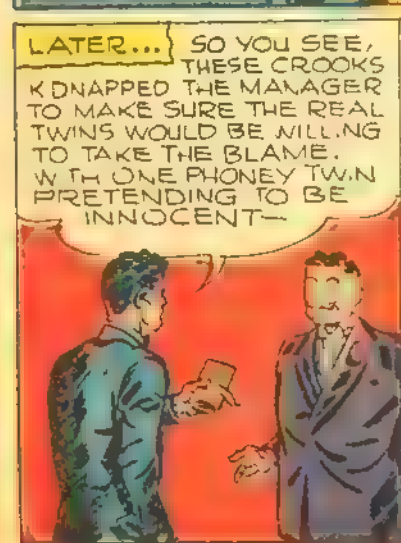


BECAUSE THEY WERE HOLDING DEWEY, OUR MANAGER. IF WE HADN'T FOLLOWED THEIR ORDERS, THEY'D HAVE KILLED OUR DEWEY!

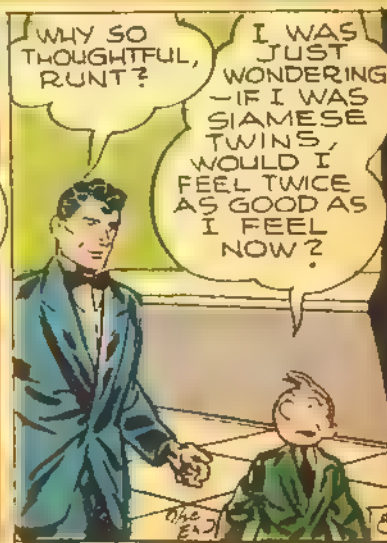


YOU SAID IT, HUEY. HOW DO YOU FEEL, DEWEY?

I'M NOT ONLY SEEING DOUBLE! I'M HEARING DOUBLE!



YOU BOYS DID A FINE JOB.



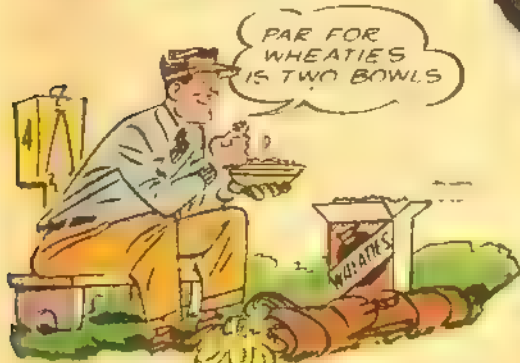
I WAS JUST WONDERING —IF I WAS SIAMESE TWINS, WOULD I FEEL TWICE AS GOOD AS I FEEL NOW?

THE END

8

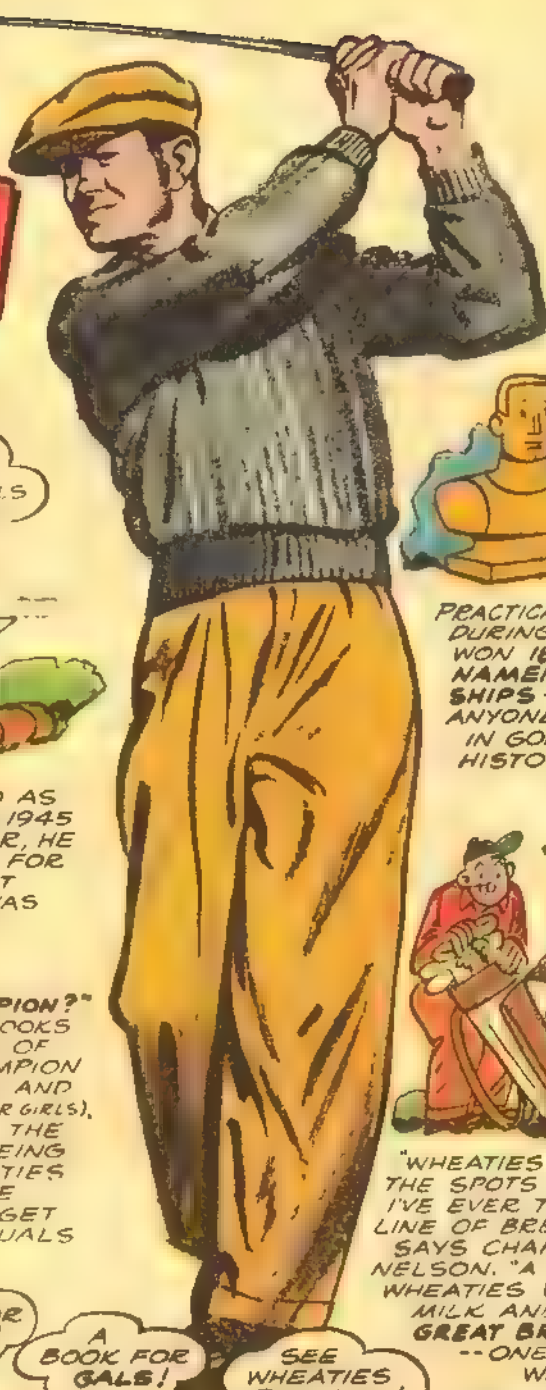
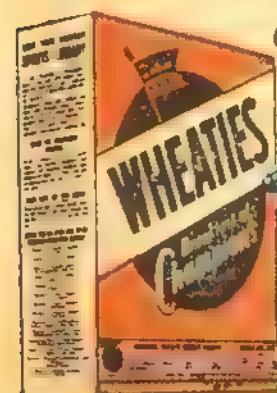
Byron NELSON

CHAMPION ATHLETE
OF 1945

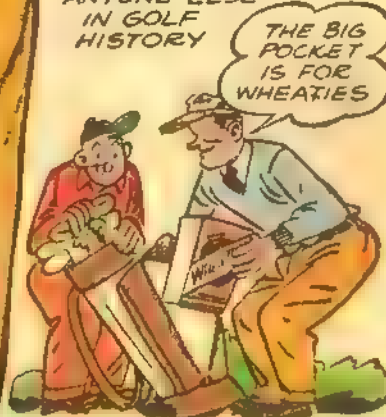


RECORDS SHATTERED AS NELSON BLASTED THRU THE 1945 SPORT SEASON. IN OCTOBER, HE SET A NEW WORLD'S MARK FOR 72 HOLES OF TOURNAMENT GOLF HIS AMAZING 259 WAS 21 STROKES UNDER PAR

WANT TO BE A GOLF CHAMPION?
--THAT'S THE TITLE OF TWO BOOKS IN WHEATIES NEW LIBRARY OF SPORTS WRITTEN BY CHAMPION GENE SARAZEN (FOR BOYS) AND CHAMPION PATTY BEEG (FOR GIRLS). THESE BOOKS HAND YOU THE RIGHT START TOWARD BEING A REAL CHAMPION WHEATIES PACKAGE GIVES COMPLETE INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET 14 ALL-STAR SPORTS MANUALS



PRACTICALLY INVINCIBLE DURING 1945, NELSON WON 18 MAJOR TOURNAMENT CHAMPIONSHIPS --MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE IN GOLF HISTORY



"WHEATIES SURE KNOCK THE SPOTS OFF ANYTHING I'VE EVER TASTED IN THE LINE OF BREAKFAST FOODS," SAYS CHAMPION BYRON NELSON. "A BIG BOWL OF WHEATIES WITH LOTS OF MILK AND FRUIT IS A GREAT BREAKFAST DISH --ONE YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS."





The

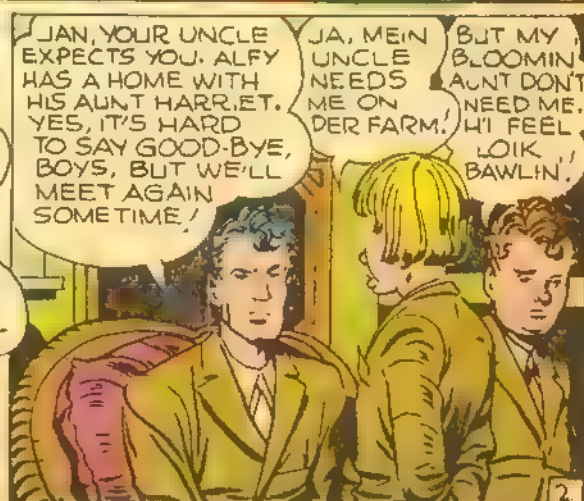
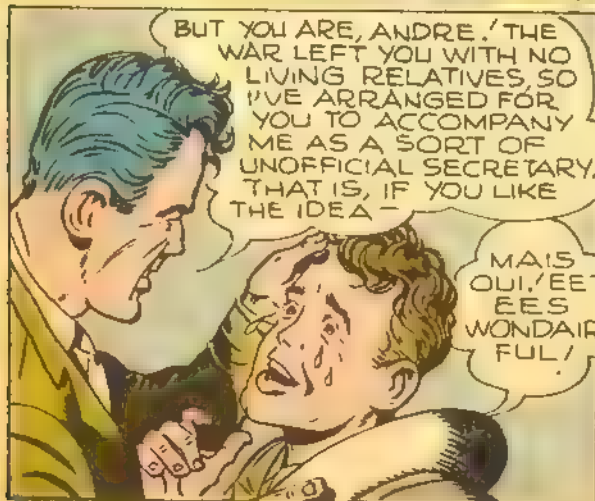
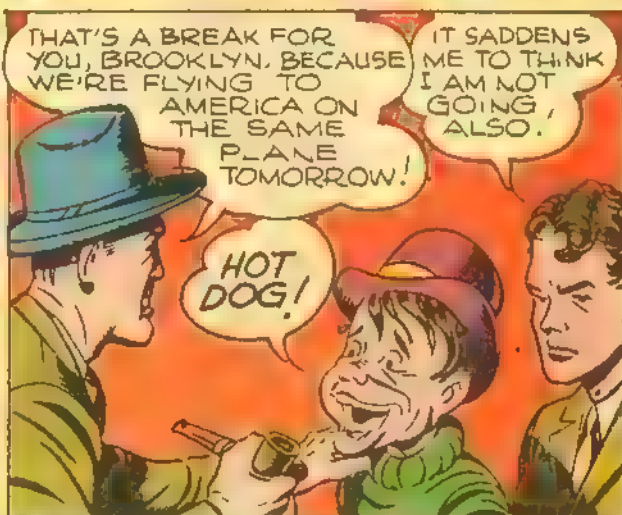
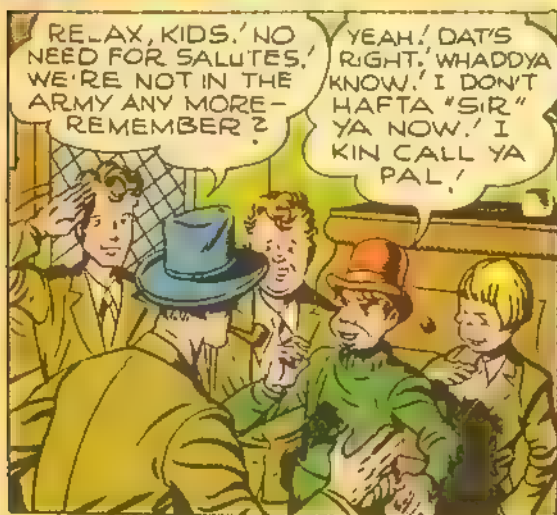
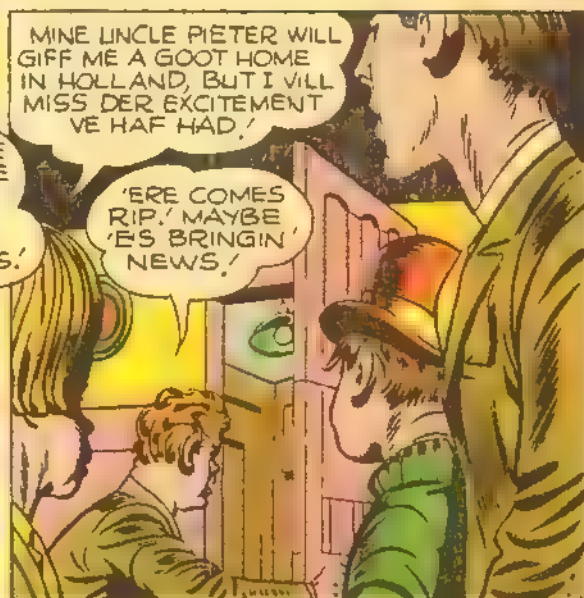
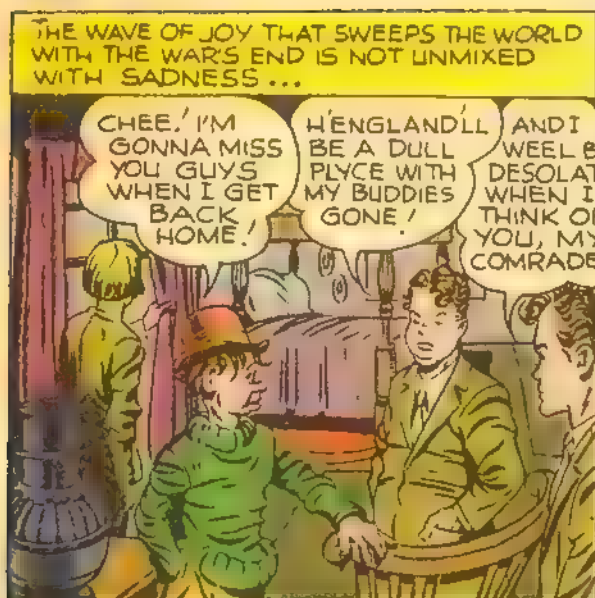
BOY COMMANDOS

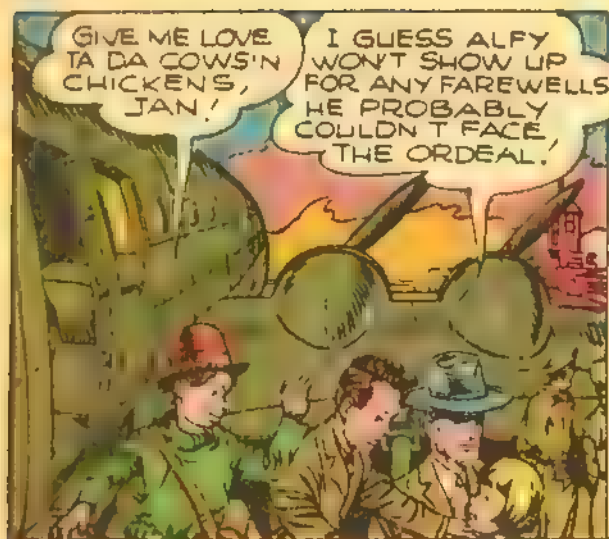
THE HARD WON PEACE OF VICTORY BRINGS CALM TO WAR-TORN EUROPE... BUT IN BROOKLYN, U.S.A., WHERE DEADLY BOMBS HAVE NEVER FALLEN NOR ENEMY TANKS THUNDERED, SOUNDS OF STRIFE ECHO ALL THE WAY FROM EBBETS FIELD TO CANARSIE! BECAUSE THREE FOURTHS OF RIP CARTERS - BATTLE-SCARRED VETERANS - THE BOY COMMANDOS - ENCOUNTER IN THIS BOROUGH OF NEW YORK CITY THE VERY EVIL THEY FOUGHT TO DESTROY - AND THE RESULT IS A WILD AND MEMORABLE AFFAIR THAT WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED AS -

"A FLATBUSH FROLIC!"

BY JOE SIMON AND JACK KIRBY

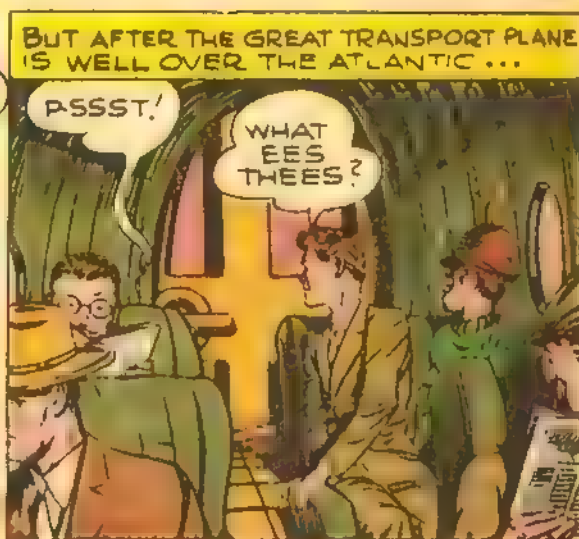






GIVE ME LOVE
TA DA COWS'N
CHICKENS,
JAN!

I GUESS ALFY
WON'T SHOW UP
FOR ANY FAREWELLS!
HE PROBABLY
COULDN'T FACE
THE ORDEAL.



BUT AFTER THE GREAT TRANSPORT PLANE
IS WELL OVER THE ATLANTIC ...

ASSST!

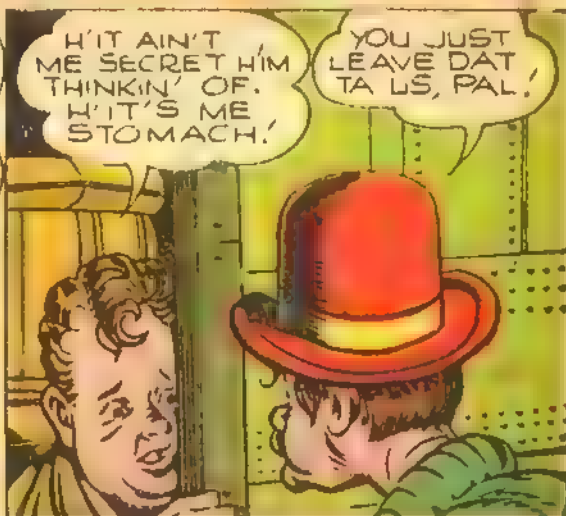
WHAT
EES
THEES?



ALFY, YA
OLD LIME
JUICER!

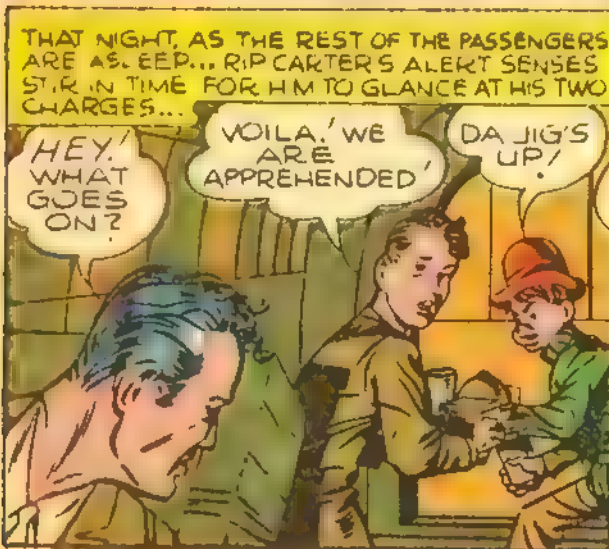
PIPE DOWN,
YA BLOOMIN'
HID-OT, OR
I'LL LAND
IN THE
BRIG!

FEAR NOT,
MON AMI,
BROOKLYN
AND I
WILL
PROTECT
YOUR
SECRET!



H'IT AIN'T
ME SECRET H'M
THINKIN' OF.
H'IT'S ME
STOMACH!

YOU JUST
LEAVE DAT
TA US, PAL!

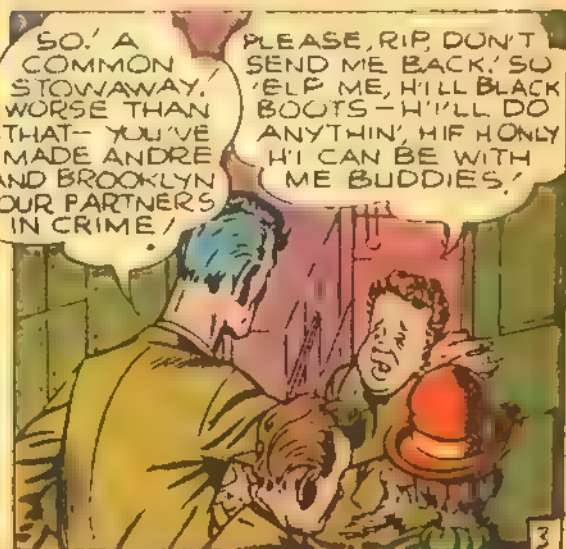


THAT NIGHT, AS THE REST OF THE PASSENGERS
ARE ASLEEP... RIP CARTER'S ALERT SENSES
STIR IN TIME FOR HIM TO GLANCE AT HIS TWO
CHARGES...

HEY!
WHAT
GOES
ON?

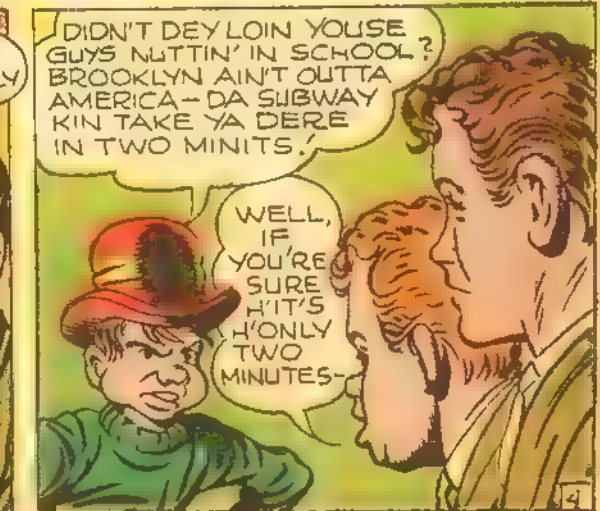
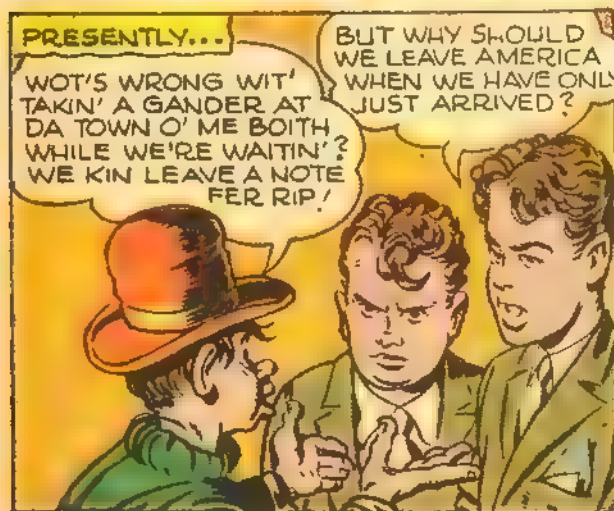
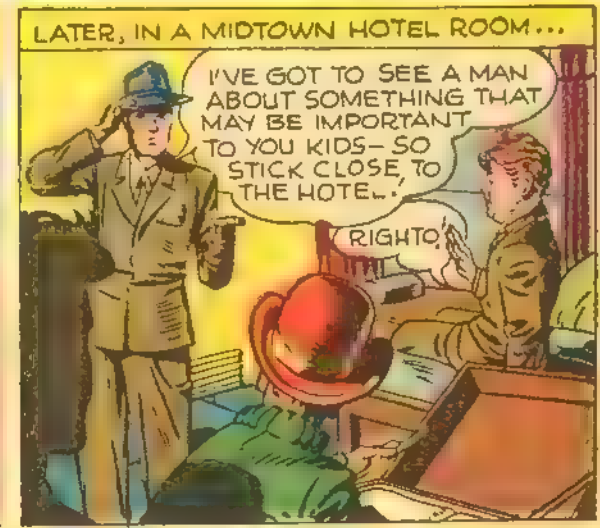
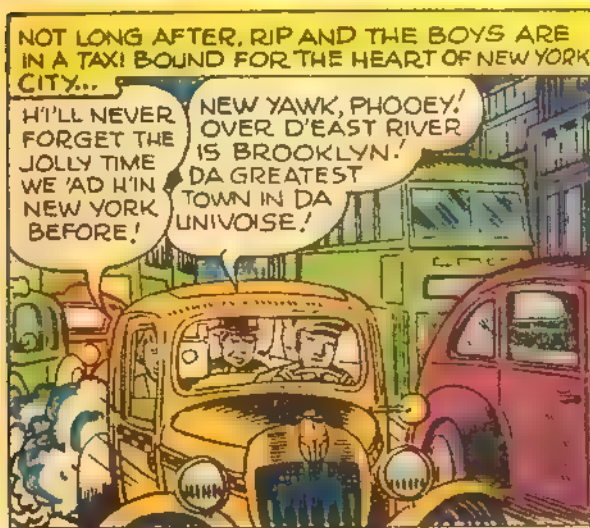
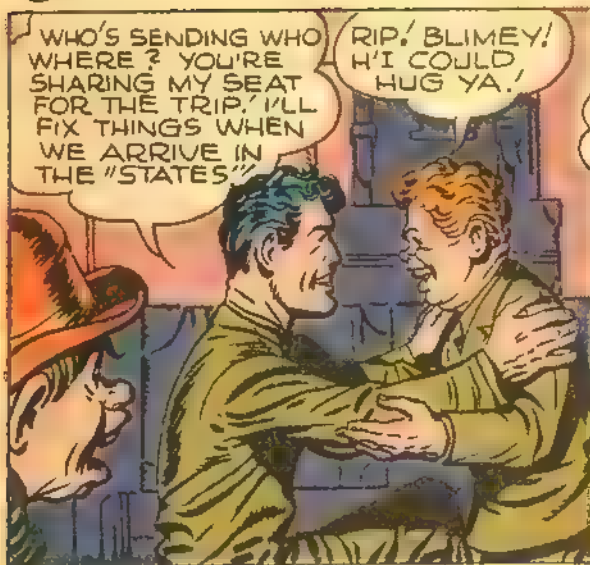
VOILA! WE
ARE
APPREHENDED!

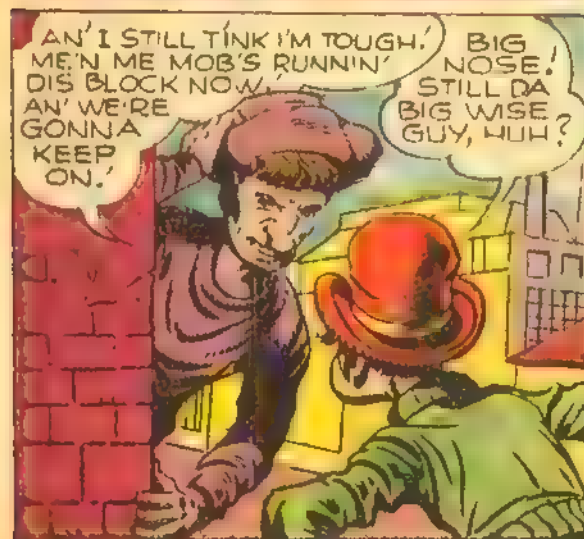
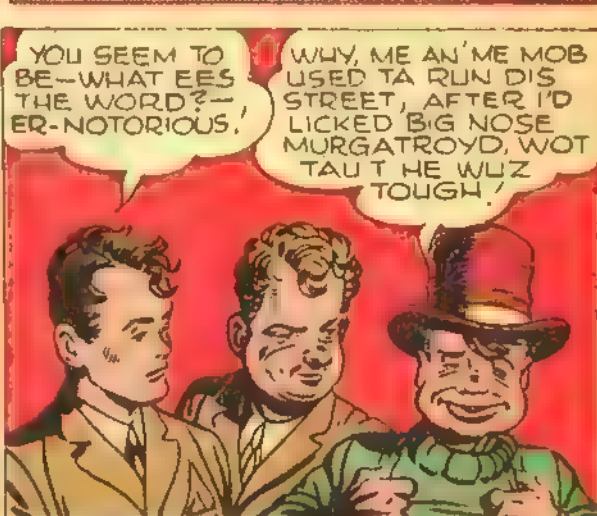
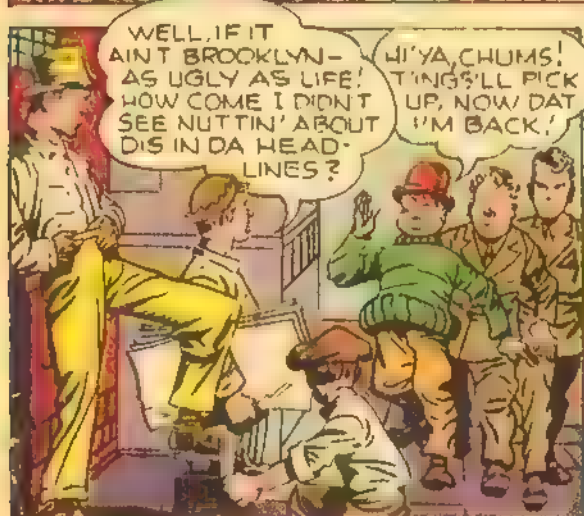
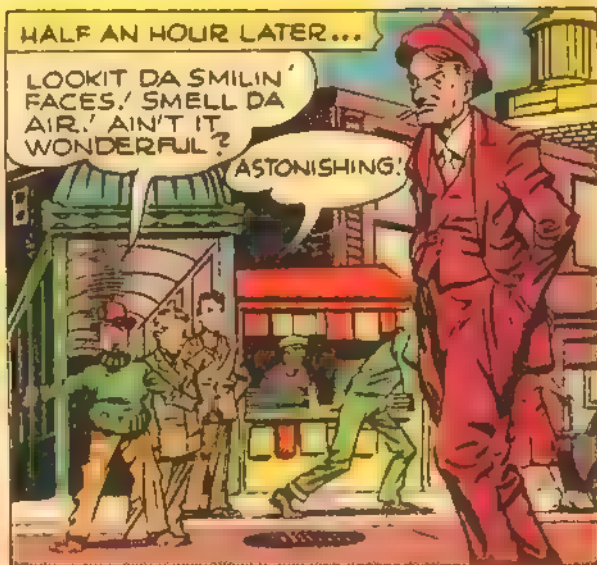
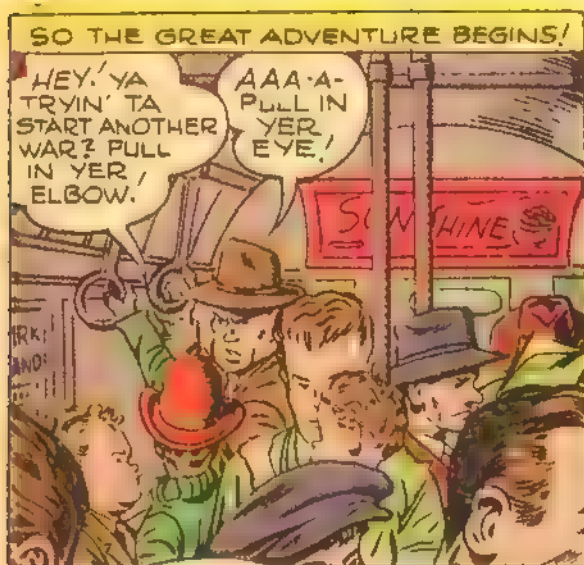
DA JIG'S
UP!



SO, A
COMMON
STOWAWAY,
WORSE THAN
THAT— YOU'VE
MADE ANDRE
AND BROOKLYN
YOUR PARTNERS
IN CRIME!

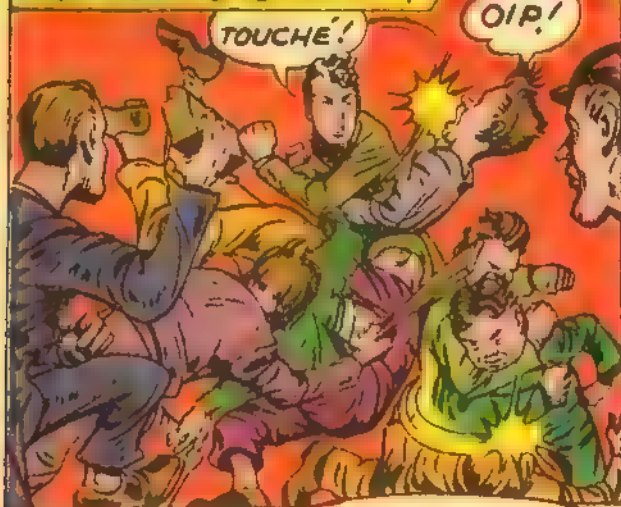
PLEASE, RIP, DON'T
SEND ME BACK! SO
'ELP ME, H'ILL BLACK
BOOTS—H'ILL DO
ANYTHIN' HIF H'ONLY
H'I CAN BE WITH
ME BUDDIES!



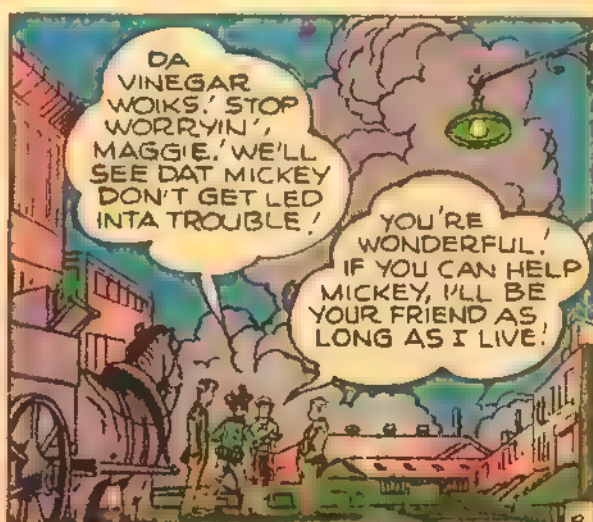
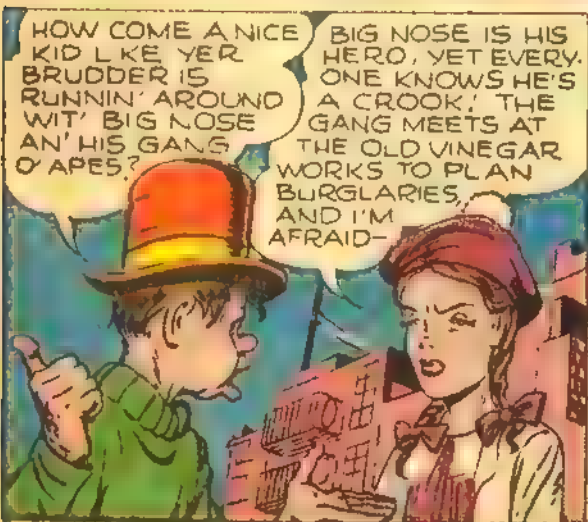
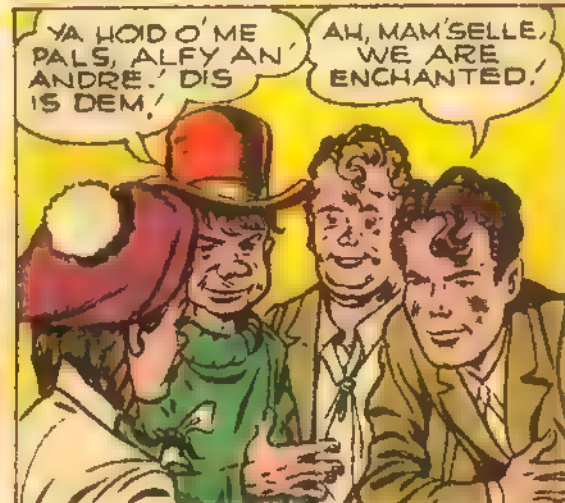
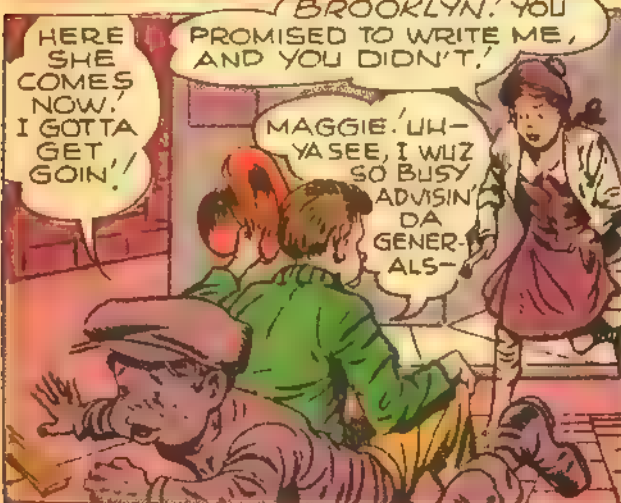
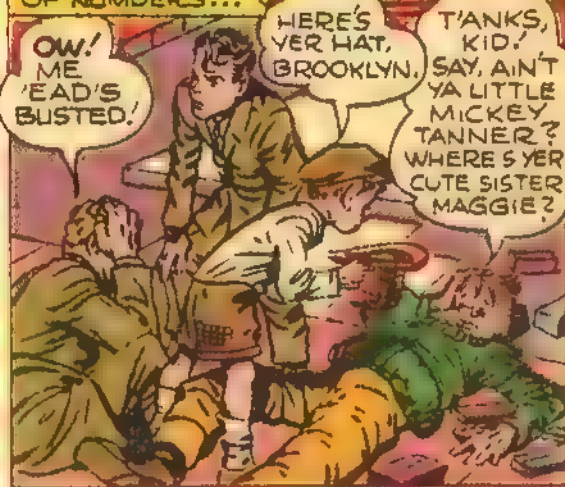


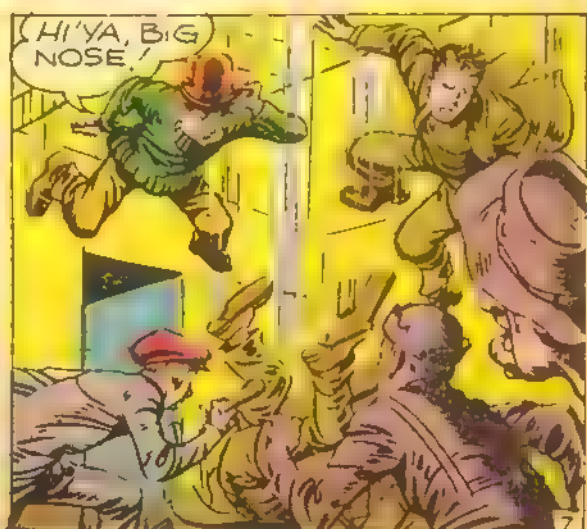
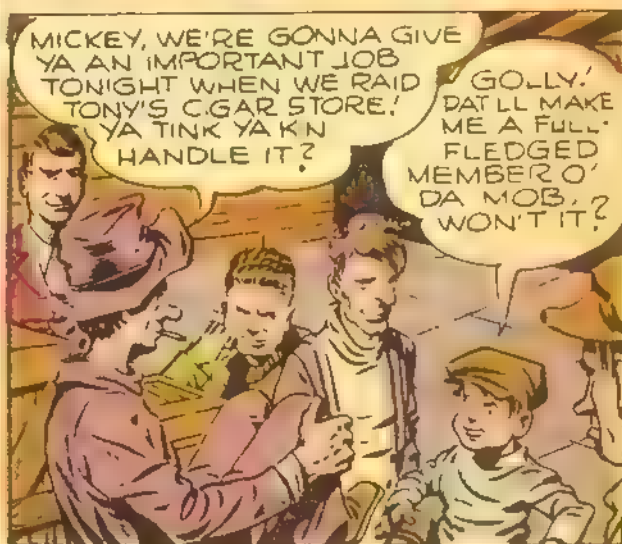
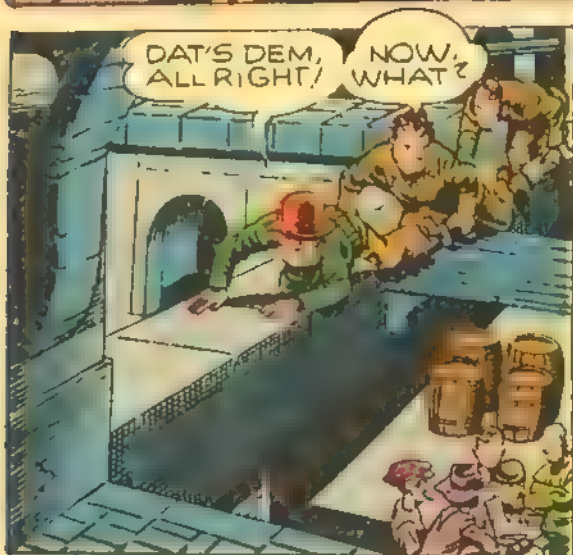
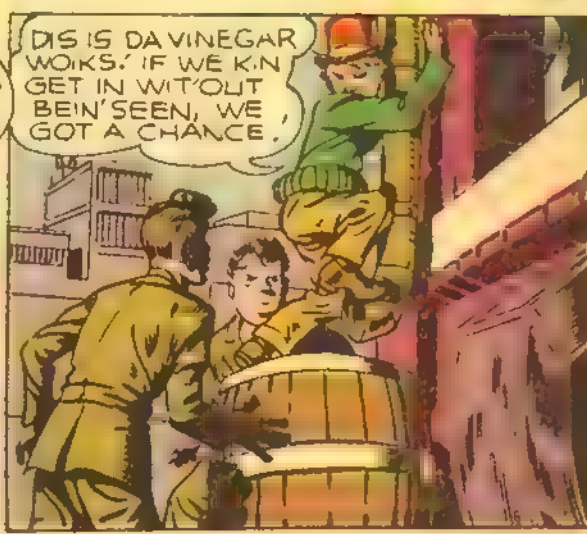
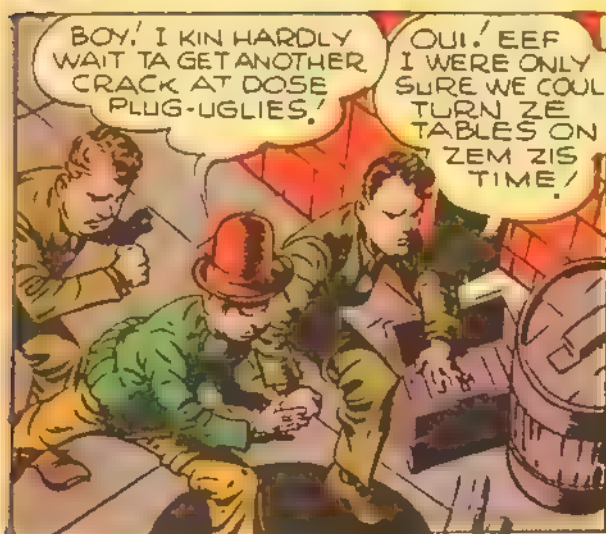


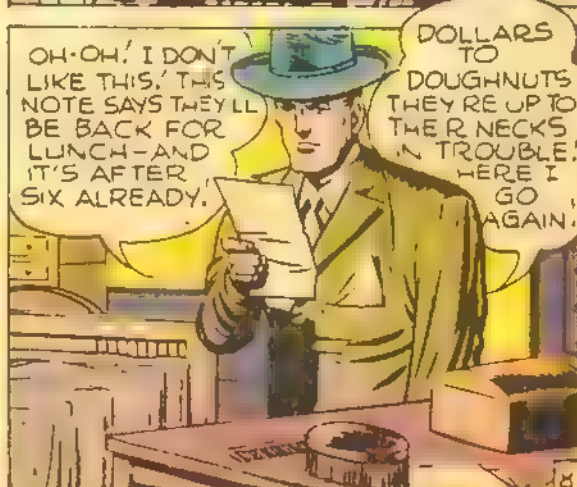
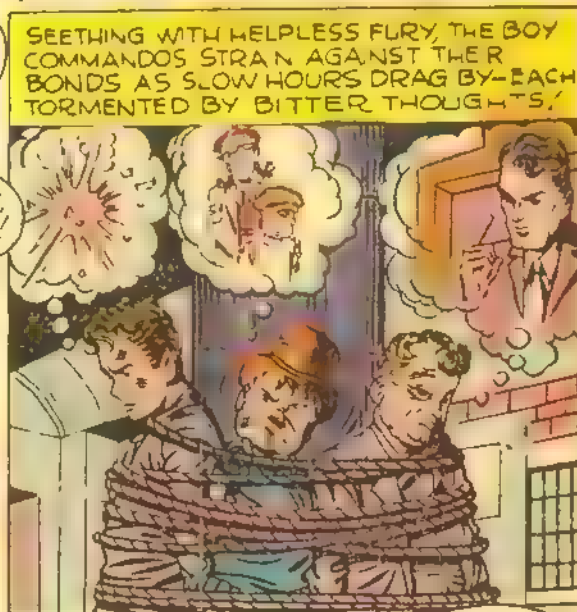
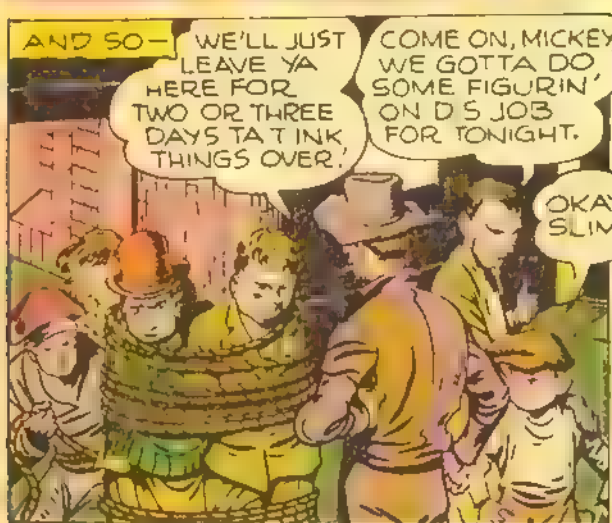
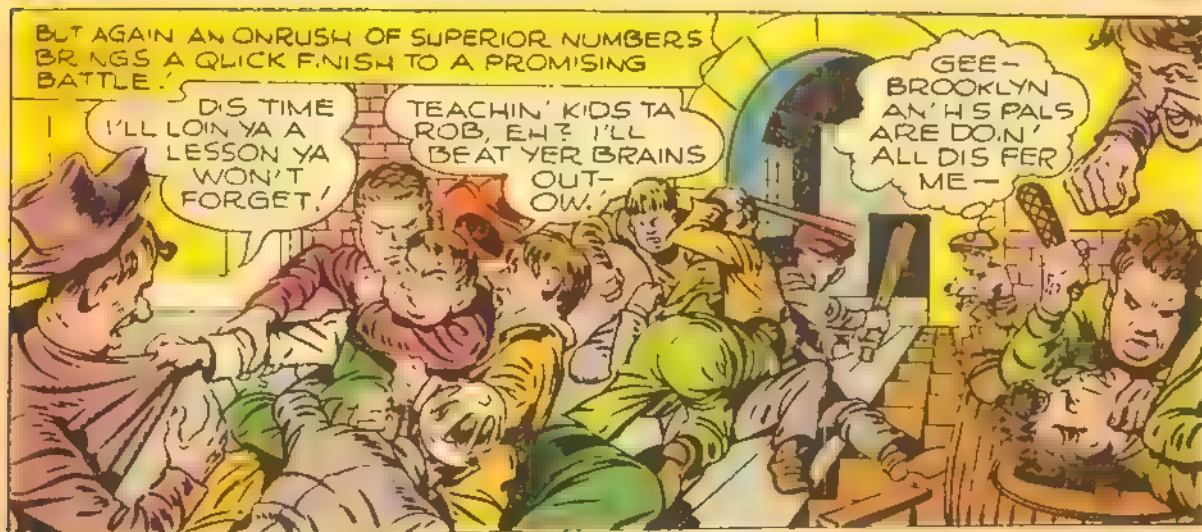
BIG NOSE'S YELLS SOON BRING A JUVENILE ARMY RACING TO AID HIM.

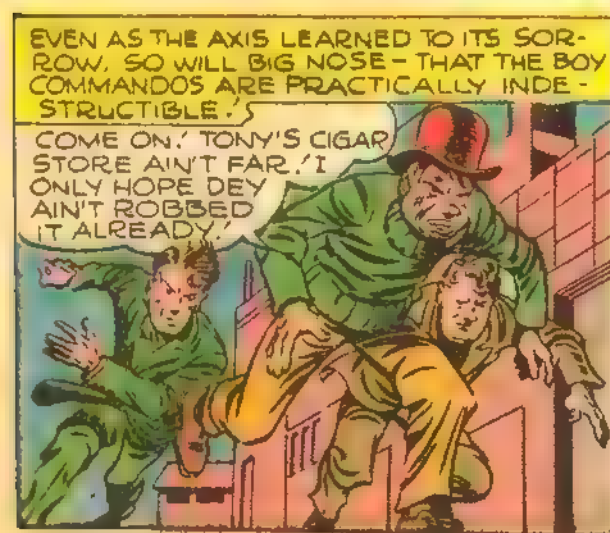
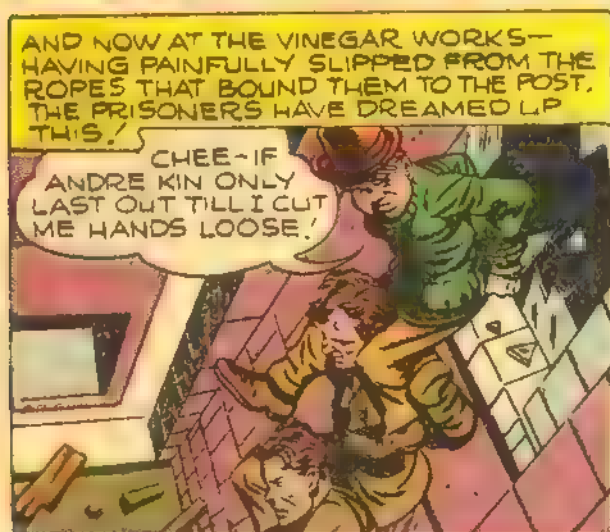
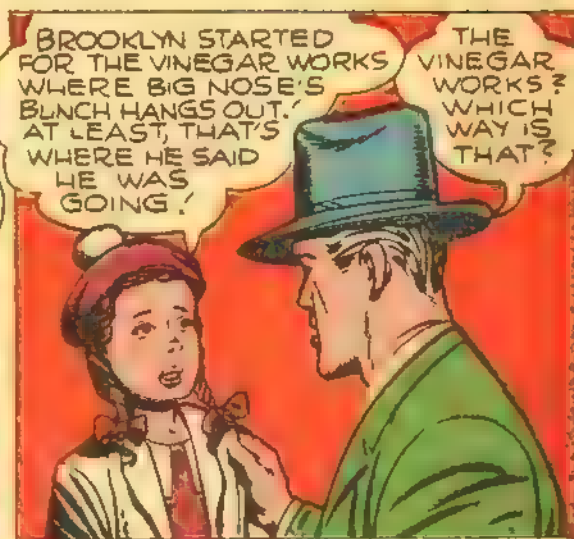
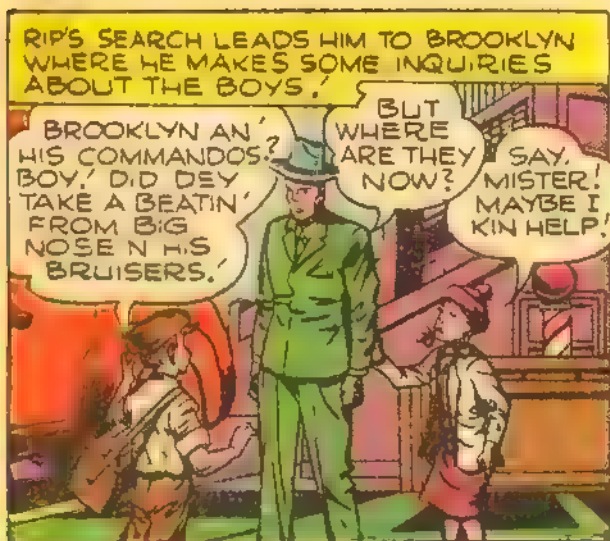


BUT NO ONE HAS YET INVENTED BATTLE TACTICS THAT CAN DISPLACE THE WEIGHT OF NUMBERS...



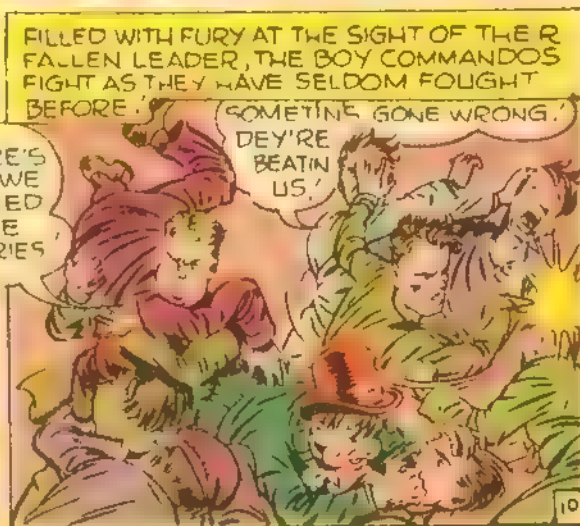
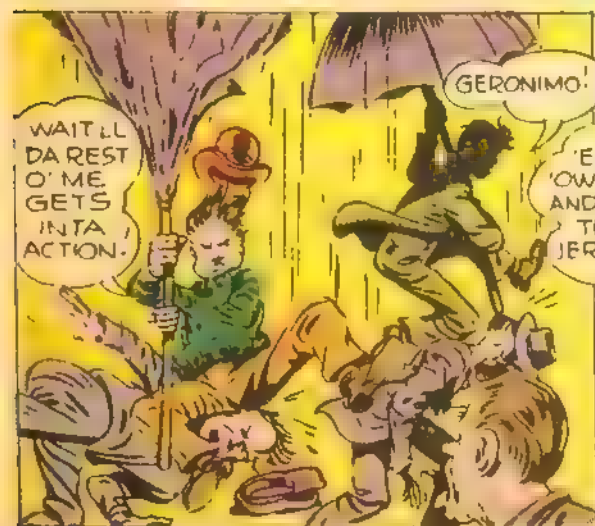
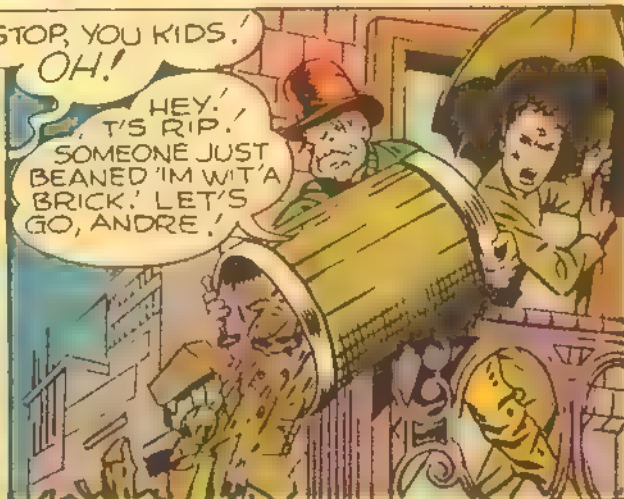
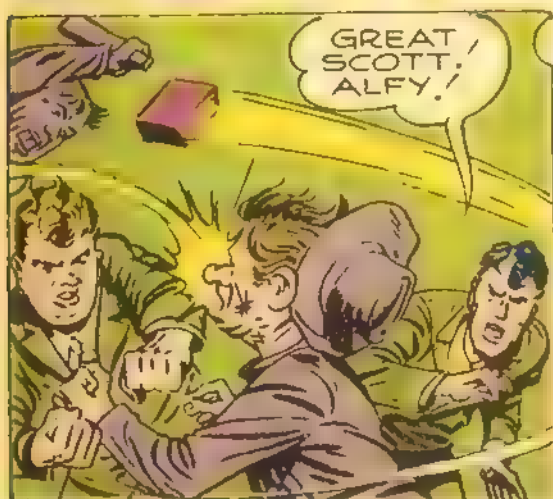
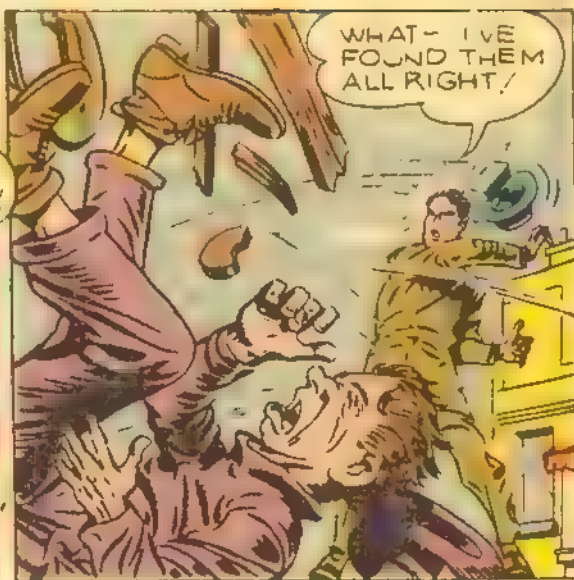
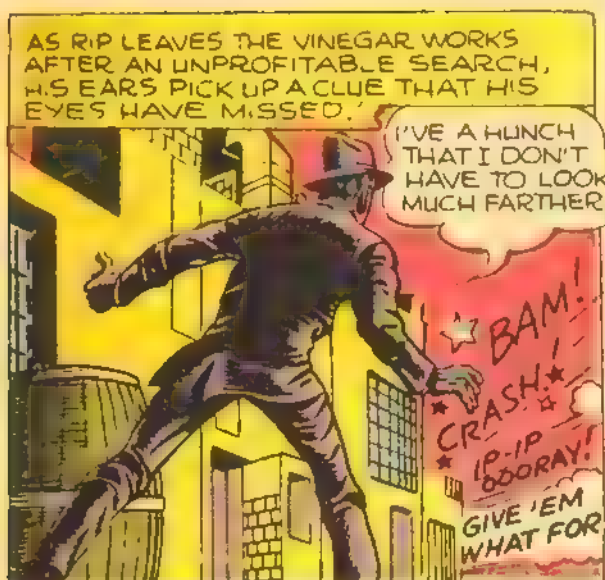


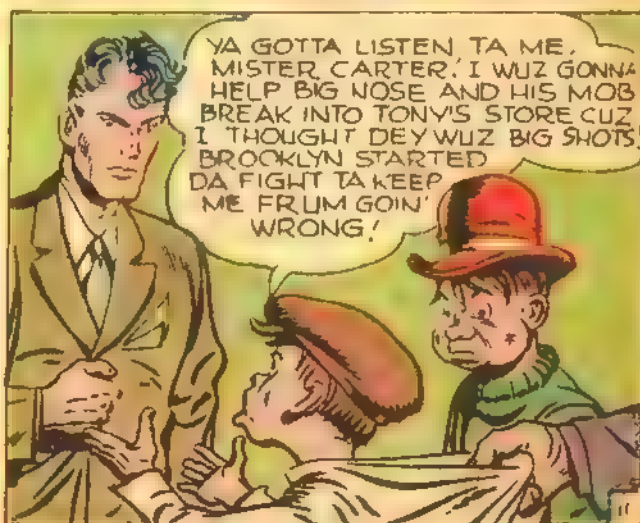
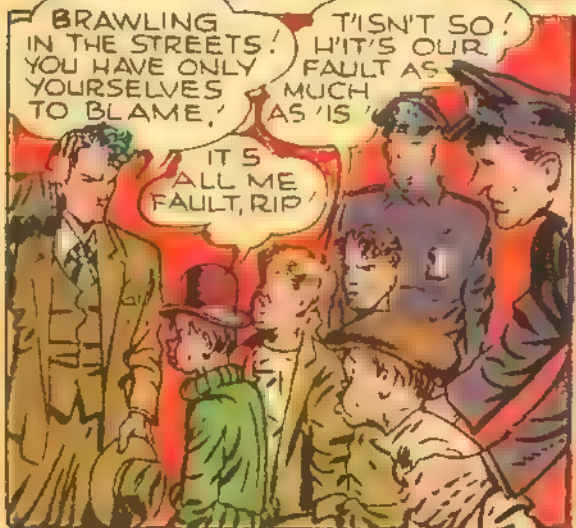
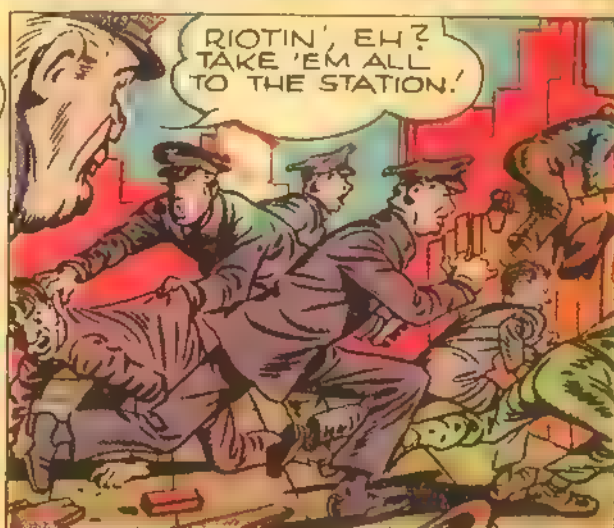
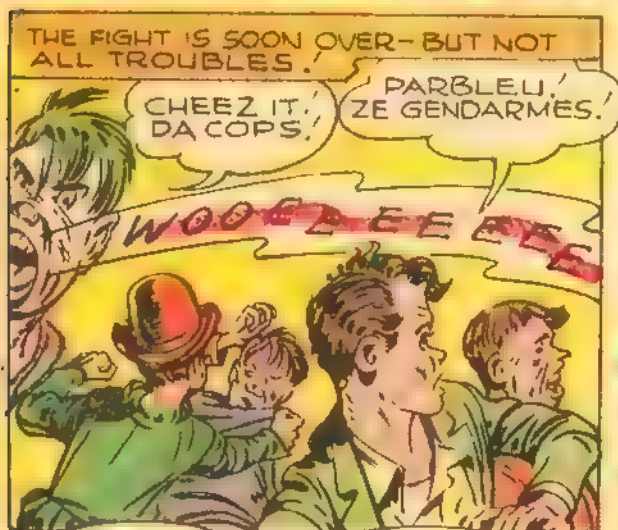
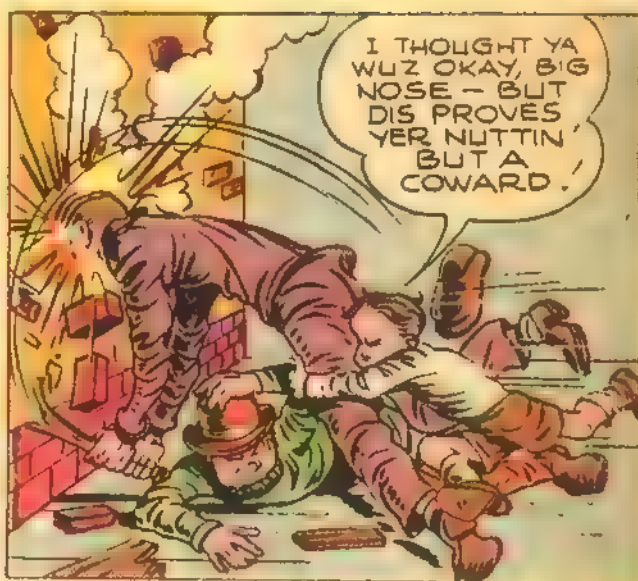


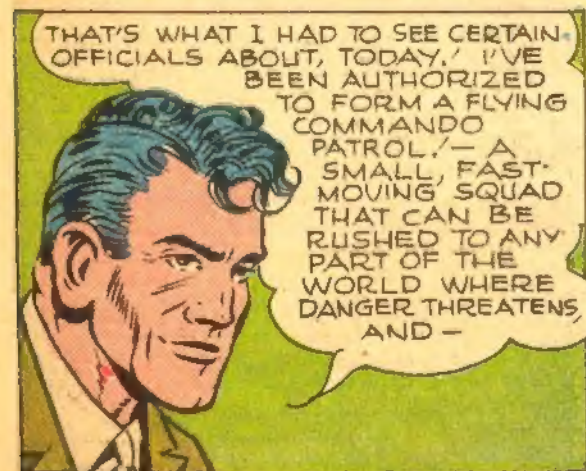
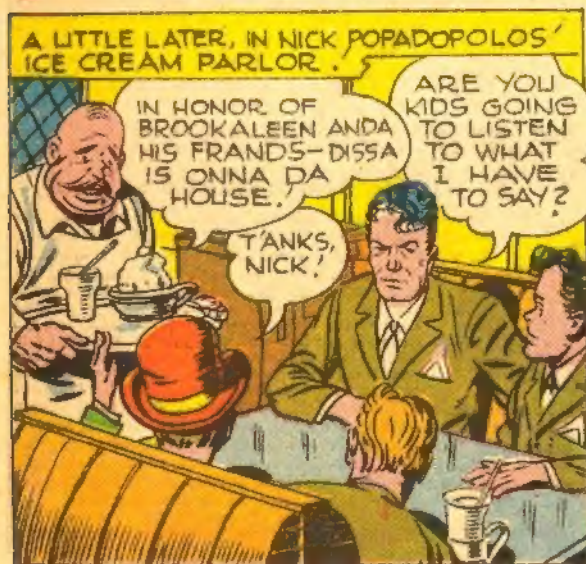




DETECTIVE COMICS







OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER
24 HOURS IN ADVANCE



**YOURS TO TEST
ON OUR
MONEY BACK OFFER**

IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap, dependable storm glass (or plastic house). The Weatherman Weather House is the original "Swiss" Weather House which actually tells you the weather in advance. Beware of imitations.

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN... KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather

House forecaster. It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature. You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, house wives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing advertising offer we have ever made.

YOU'LL MARVEL AT ITS ACCURACY

FREE
Good Luck
Leaf

No Purchase Required
for Leaf Only

MAGIC LEAF Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition is—a person owning one of these plants will have much good luck and success.

Made of Genuine Walnut
Hand-painted Figures
7 1/2" high — 4" wide
4" deep



AS YOU RECEIVE IT



AS IT GROWS FOR YOU



EACH TINY PLANT
PRODUCES THIS

Yours free—it will grow in your room pinned to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every notch. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years! This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and it rates very high in plant evolution.

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous."

Mrs. I. S. Amsterdam, Ohio

"Please rush 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful."

Mrs. L. F., Booth, Maine

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself."

Mrs. L. R., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful."

Mrs. D. L. B., Shennadoah, Iowa

SEND NO MONEY

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly in full without question. Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.69 C.O.D.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON — MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. N8
29 East Madison Street
Chicago 2, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

☐ Rush (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. I can return the Weather House for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I Enclose \$1.69. Postage Prepaid. ☐ 2 for \$2.98

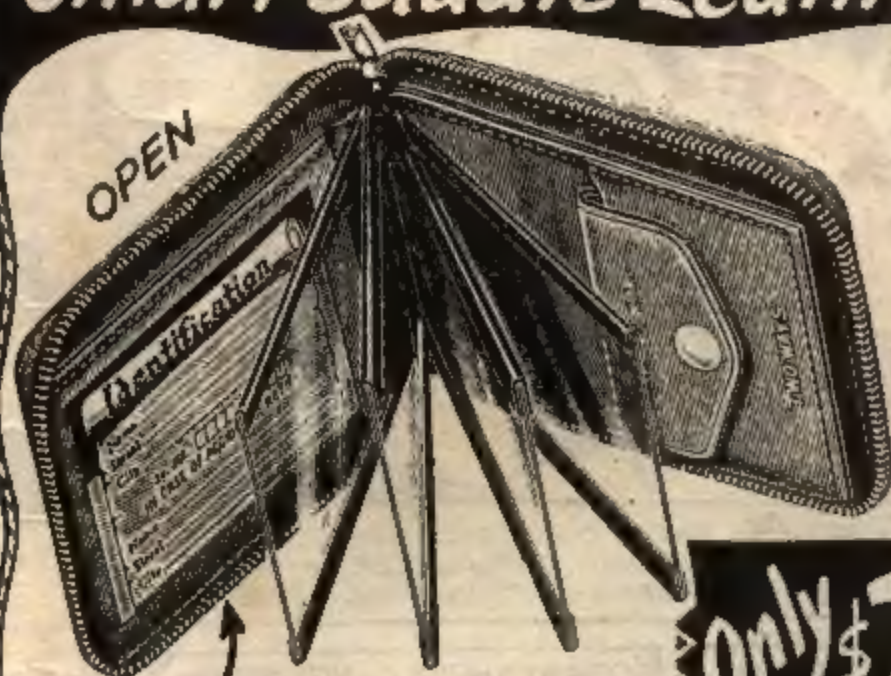
☐ 6 for \$4.00 ☐ 12 for \$15.00. ☐ Send Free Leaf only.

Name..... (Please print plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

Smart Saddle Leather ZIPPER Billfold!



SECRET POCKET



Only \$2.98

CLOSED

Men, Here's The Most Beautiful Billfold You've Ever Seen at this Low Price.

You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Zip-All-Around" De Luxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-In Change Purse, its roomy Currency Compartment, its Secret Pocket for extra valuables. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him. Exterior is of smart Saddle Leather designed in picturesque style of the West. Two-tone illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features. An outstanding value at only \$2.98 plus tax. **SEND NO MONEY** Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If not thrilled and delighted return in 10 days for full refund.



Send No Money RUSH THIS COUPON

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 9129-A
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

☐ Please rush me Smart Saddle Leather Zipper Pass Case Billfold with Built-In Change Purse. On arrival I will pay postman only \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Tax and low rents postage and a 0.10 charge. It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the billfold within 10 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME..... (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Tax (total \$3.58)

Please ship my Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.

**BOYS!
MEN!**

PLASTIC COMPASS \$1.98

New UNBREAKABLE, Wrist Watch Type Liquid Compass With Luminous Dial

Here's the compass all America has been waiting for. It's similar in construction to the liquid type Airplane and pocket compass used by the U. S. Air Corps. What a compass this is! It's shock-proof! Water-proof! Precision perfect! Made to give superior performance under any and all climatic conditions. Will not freeze at even 40° below zero. Works perfectly under a blazing sun. The ideal compass for everyone—Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, hikers, campers, motorists, and all sports lovers. This newest, wrist watch style, luminous, Plastic Compass, sealed air-tight in liquid, is ready to accurately direct your movements all hours of the day or night. Unfailing and unbreakable. Think of it! You can own this remarkable compass for the sensationally low price of only \$1.98, complete with smartly styled wristband.



FOR BOY SCOUTS



FOR CAMPING



FOR HUNTING



Here Are the Features Which Make This "America's Greatest Compass Buy"

- Latest Type Plastic Case
- Luminous "See in the Dark" Dial
- Shatterproof, Shock-proof, Water-proof Construction
- Shows Degrees in all Directions
- Airplane-Type "Sealed in Liquid" Unbreakable Compass
- Withstands heat—will not freeze
- Newest Wrist Watch-Style Design

EXAMINE FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK

Take this Plastic Compass with you when you go on hikes, on camping or fishing trips, on hunting or boating excursions, bicycling, or horseback riding. You'll find there's nothing as important and useful to you as a good compass when you need it. At this low price, every man and boy should have this remarkable Compass. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just rush your order on the coupon below. Upon arrival, pay postman only \$1.98 C. O. D. plus few cents postage charge on our no-risk-money-back-guarantee. If not thrilled and delighted with the way it looks and performs, return the compass within 10 days and we'll refund your money in full.



SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 248-A
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush me the Wrist Watch-Type PLASTIC COMPASS as described above on your no-risk 10 day Money Back Guarantee Offer. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage on arrival with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

☐ I enclose \$1.98 in advance with my order. Send the Plastic Compass to me all postage charges prepaid.

ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

